WEEK ENDING OCT. 25 1924

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Liberty

A Wee[illegible]erybody

IN THIS ISSUE: **WORDS THAT BEGIN WITH K** – *By* FRANK R. ADAMS

"There is no substitute for Calumet"

CALUMET
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
BAKING POWDER

A little chat is always made more delightful by a hot cup and a plate of home baked doughnuts or cakes.

—and the compliments are always yours when you use Calumet Baking Powder because things do taste better when it is used.

Millions of Housewives, Domestic Science Experts, Big Railroads, Good Restaurants, Leading Hotels and Good Bakers use Calumet because of the positive results it invariably produces.

SALES 2½ TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

$500 A WEEK for LIMERICKS!

Liberty's New Contest—Open to Everyone!

Well, it certainly seems that folks like to write Limericks. Extraordinarily fond of 'em in fact! They're coming in from everywhere—those little last lines! What little last lines? Why, the little last lines to complete the Limericks we're printing on this page every week! So get your pencil right out! It's easy, and it's fun. Remember, there are five big prizes, any one of which you may win.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS!

Here are the Limerick last line writers who share in the big prizes, for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of September 27. The Limerick read as follows:

Our Tilly and Lily are twins,
As much alike as two pins;
To Lily's beau calling
Sly Tilly came drawling,
"....."

Folks liked the Limericks so well, we raised the ante from $5 to $500. Write a line and mail it in.

The Prize Winning Last Lines Read as Follows:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"Am I Lily or Tilly?" and grins.

Written by Arthur B. Kilner, D. L. & W. R. R. Co., 1 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

"And Lily's beau coyly she wins."

Written by Mrs. Joseph Groff, 928 E. 62d Street, Chicago.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

"Lily's 'outs' are surely my 'ins'."

Written by Livingston S. Jennings, Box 233, Mahwah, N. J.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

"Kisses for twins are not sins."

Written by Mrs. Nellie Tickner, 94 E. Main Street, Middletown, N. Y.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

"I love you, too, Mr. Binns."

Written by Mrs. Lela Salt, 1727 S. Seneca Street, Alliance, O.

FIRST PRIZE - - - - $250
SECOND PRIZE - - $100
THIRD PRIZE - - - - $ 75
FOURTH PRIZE - - $ 50
FIFTH PRIZE - - - $ 25

Got the Old Pencil? All Set? Then Let's Go! Here's

THIS WEEK'S LIMERICK

A painter in Kalamazoo
Made pictures in yellow and blue,
One day he used red,
And his critics all said:
"....."

All Last Lines for This Limerick Must Reach Us by Midnight of November 1.

Write a last line. Read the rules, and send it in. Everyone has a chance. No one can tell who's going to win until the winners are announced.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

$500 More in Prizes Next Week! Send 'Em In! Send 'Em In!

Oct. 25, 1924

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 1 No. 25

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 7489

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
Chicago: 7 S. Dearborn St. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 2336

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

AMERICA TO THE AIR.

On the sand dunes of North Carolina the Wright Brothers made a motor driven, heavier than air machine arise and fly. That took aviation out of the realm of the balloon and made it a mode of locomotion.

Just now four American lieutenants, two of whom started as sergeants when their cruise began, have circled the world by air. Two others made the great circuit as far as the flight from the Orkney Islands to Iceland in which they were forced down by engine trouble and their plane injured in its rescue.

The first people to fly were Americans. The first aviators to cross the Atlantic to Europe, by way of the Azores, were Americans. The Magellans of the air to go about the world are Americans. The greatest air mail service in the world is American. It crosses a great continent. With all this achievement the United States is not the ranking air power. It is far from it. It is great in conspicuous accomplishment but not in air power.

The air mail is going across plain, desert, and mountain as the pony express went and where the transcontinental lines were built. The first object of almost any line of communication is to get messages across. If messages can go a community of interests is established. Then, to make the community perfect, people must be able to travel the mail route. The Union Pacific followed the pony express.

Passengers who are carried on the pioneer lines of communication usually are carried at a loss. The social benefit is considered. America's best hope for an adequate air force lies in commercial possibilities. We are not by temperament a people to make elaborate and costly defenses for emergency. There must be utility. Our railroads serve emergency purposes, but if they had to be maintained solely to hustle troops from one frontier to another we'd have few railroads.

The air mail can be enlarged to carry passengers. It probably would be at government loss, but it would increase the air force. The old stage coach carried mail and currency and passengers. The air mail plane can be also a passenger plane.

It would be a real service to the citizens. Time frequently is the great essential to a person. He wants to obliterate it. He will [illegible] this, probably not enough to make the service profitable, but the profit will be in the development and maintenance of the air system.

Make it mean something to the people. Then they will be willing to promote and maintain it.

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Cover Design by Ruth Eastman

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Carolyn Wells' Latest Mystery Story

CAROLYN WELLS

Carolyn Wells, **famous author of mystery and detective stories, has just completed *Anything But the Truth,* which critics declare to be a masterpiece of thrills. The first installment begins next week and you will be just as keen as the keenest of detectives to solve the baffling mystery of *who killed Austin Eldridge, financier.***

It Did Happen **is the title of a new short story by *Samuel Hopkins Adams.* It is all about a beautiful girl who steals an automobile, owner and all, and about a man who had to marry by a certain time or lose a huge fortune.**

The practical joker meets his Waterloo in *Jolly Roger* when *Stephen Vincent Benet* throws a brickbat into the smooth career of his fat and jolly villain, to the great joy of hero and heroine.

Wallace Irwin **evolves a surprising new theory pertaining to politics—the result of world-wide observation—which he explains in *World's Rulers Wear Pants,* in the next issue.**

October 25, 1924 LIBERTY Vol. 1, No. 25

Special articles, short and long fiction stories are desired. Address Editor of Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and fully prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent us at owner's risk. Price 5 cents per copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year received. Four weeks must be allowed for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President. John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1924, by The Coloroto Corporation in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

NEVER Before in All History, You Will Agree, Has Man Been So Bedeviled of Woman as Our Hero in

WORDS *that begin with* K

A Short Story by

FRANK R. ADAMS

Pictures by
RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

Tina — small, dark, vivacious.

A love story that goes to prove a smart girl has it all over highbrow professors and keen business men.

"NOW, Amos, just exactly what was it you said before she returned your ring?"

Amos thought painfully back over the interview which had left him heartbroken.

"Well, we were talking about our honeymoon and had decided that almost the first place we would go would be Paris. We were sitting on the big davenport and I was holding her hand . . . What was I saying? Oh, yes—we were talking about our honeymoon in Paris, and Tina asked me what was my most vivid recollection of the city—you know, I was there during the war—and I told her about the little restaurant around on the Rue Marboeuf where you can get those wonderful beef fillets with the——"

"Whoa! You need say no more." Amos Paine's friend halted him.

"You mean there was something wrong in telling her about that little restaurant? Why, Jim, it was the most respectable place—everybody went there after——"

"Its respectability makes it all the more damning. The idea that you should think of Paris and your stomach at one and the same time: there was your offense.

"What you don't know about women, Amos—or, rather, one of the things you don't know about them—is that, in their love affairs, at least, they place the shadow above the substance, that they prefer a bouquet to a beefsteak, a flickering firelight to a furnace, a wooded hillside to a Morris chair, and a faint perfume to the aroma of fresh ink on newly printed, tax-exempt government bonds.

"The picture that Paris should have called up to your mind was that of the Tuileries by dawnlight or of a May Sunday on the Bois, of the silent simplicity of the Arc de Triomphe, or the Eiffel Tower stretching its slim grace insolently toward the stars—anything but a restaurant."

"But, dammit, Jim, Tina eats just the same as anybody else. I'd say that, for a girl her size, she has a very good appetite."

"That isn't exactly the point, Amos. Did you ever see a cat approach a saucer of cream that she wanted very much? She went all around the four sides of the room and under most of the furniture, didn't she? Well, that's the way women stalk the essential phases of existence, such as digestion, race propagation, and similar assorted facts.

"Actually and down deep, they're much the same as we are; they have similar desires, similar appetites, but you have to attract them with gaudily baited hooks, with wisps of moonmist, with feathers of fancy which adroitly conceal the barb which they really know is there all the time."

"It strikes me as funny, Jim, that, since you are such an authority on the subject, you are still a bachelor. How come?"

JIM regarded his friend mournfully. "I don't know but that Tina is right, Amos. You are built for coarse comfort and not for sentiment. You know darn well I never had a girl—not seriously enough to get turned down, don't you?"

"I think I guessed it, but I don't know why?"

"It's because no girl that I've ever really wanted would look at me, and I haven't cared for the others."

AMOS did know that what Jim said was true. Jim was not the sort of man that girls write to the Broken Hearts Editor about. Shy and unprepossessing, he was quite heavy and not nearly tall enough to carry his weight. Clothes didn't look like anything on him. Even the fiercely black little mustache he cultivated assiduously failed to add distinction to his conventional physiognomy.

Psychoanalysts would have said, and probably rightly, too, that Jim Funnell suffered from an inferiority complex. This was even reflected in the job which life had pigeonholed him into: namely, that of instructor in English composition at the university.

Amos, who was everything that Jim was not—handsome, tall, strong, self-confident, physically sleek—counted Jim his best friend.

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There wasn't much reason for it, and they did not meet on many planes of thought, but the bond was a very sincere one. Amos' granite mind was a very satisfactory grindstone for Jim to sharpen his conversational wits on.

"You are quite sure you really want to marry?" Jim demanded, finally.

"Yes. You know I've tried several times. Girls seem to like me, but they don't marry me—at least, not as often as I wish."

"Once is popularly supposed to be enough. Just what is your object in wishing to give up your men friends, your freedom, and everything that you will afterward look back toward with unbelievable yearning?"

"Why, I suppose I'm much the same as everybody else. You have to get married when you grow up as a sort of measure of self-defense. If you don't your men friends give themselves up and you lose 'em anyway, and the freedom you talk about becomes pretty damn near loneliness. I want a wife to look after my house, to blow the noses of my kids, and to be grouchy with when I come home tired from the office."

"Amos, your ideas are essentially practical, and I suppose similar ones are somewhere back in the mind of every man who hankers for the bonds of double blastedness. But you mustn't let anybody but me know how sane you are. Check your reasoning faculties when you go wooing. Your five senses are all you need."

"Can you suggest any way I can get Tina back?"

"Why that particular girl? From your specifications there are a good many others who would answer the requirements."

"Tina doesn't really fill any of the requirements. I just want her anyway."

"That sounds more like a real romance. I wouldn't give a darn myself for a capable girl, either—not if she didn't have slim ankles and optical delusions under her eyelashes. It is agreed, then, that you want to pay the expenses of this Tina person for the rest of your natural life? How can I help you?"

"I don't know—but I've got to have help."

"First of all, describe her."

"I don't believe I could. You know I can't make up poetry, and that's the only way to describe Tina. The best way for you to get an idea of her is to meet her. Come on over with me right now and call."

"Maybe she'll have another engagement."

"No, I don't believe so. We only broke off last evening and she hasn't had time yet to start anything new."

"More and more you convince me that the lady was right. But maybe it isn't too late. Perhaps if we start now——"

They did. The next day would be Saturday and Jim could easily put off until then the tiresome English theme he had been intending to correct that night.

IT was a pleasant May evening. Amos had a closed car at Jim's doorstep—Amos was disgustingly wealthy and successful—and it took only a few minutes to land them at Tina Vechts' home.

A butler admitted them doubtfully. "I'll see if Miss Vechts is at home." And he vanished. The butler was still doubtful when he ushered them into the music room.

A young man seated at a grand piano stopped playing. Introductions all around disclosed his identity.

"Mr. Maxfield O'Hagen, the composer, you know."

Jim Funnell did know—his education had included some music—but it was evident that Amos was not favorably informed. He resented the presence of the scrupulously tidy young genius and greeted him stiffly. Mr. O'Hagen did not care much for the intruders, either. Tina was the kind of girl that you just felt as if you must be alone with so that you could tell her nice things about herself—and eventually about yourself—and the presence of a gallery cramped one's style.

The things that made Tina an especially and instantly desirable girl are, as Amos said, not exactly describable. Specifications do not cover the accident of charm. Concentrated tartar sauce was what flowed in Tina's veins. She had to hop fast or she didn't hit right on six or seven of her cylinders. Her best gait was a little over sixty, with all traffic cops half a township behind.

But don't get the idea that Tina was a demon flapper, synthetically exhilarated and trailing a smoke screen of cigarets.

When she did anything she sort of pranced, and if you watched her with an appreciative eye you could hear the circus music yourself that she was keeping time to.

Tina, then, was small, dark, vivacious—cold, inadequate words, those—pretty but not beautiful until you had known her ten minutes and were consequently in love with her, when she appeared glorious.

PERHAPS you can see her better if it is said that she was a black chrysanthemum with short dark hair that shook out animatedly when she was talking and then settled demurely into sleek repose if you were lucky enough to make her listen.

Yes, you are quite right, Tina was rather an immature child, but if you think that on that account she was not interesting to the adult, even senile, male population, you're egregiously mistaken. It wasn't what she said and did; it was the way she said and did it, if you get what I mean.

You can see how exhilarating she was when it is related that she immediately drew Jim Funnell out of his shell and inspired him to be foolish. Jim almost never allowed himself to be natural—always he wore that cynical mask which fooled nearly everybody, including Jim Funnell—but Tina penetrated to the inner layer of him right away and made him do his stuff.

Another reason why Jim let himself go was that he discovered immediately how much it annoyed Maxfield O'Hagen. Annoying Mr.

O'Hagen became one of Jim's pet diversions from that moment. Besides, he was there to help Amos, and what better way to assist an ally than to engage one wing of the enemy in vigorous combat while the real attack is made on the center?

Maxfield O'Hagen by faint request played a little thing of his own. It was considerably reminiscent of a Ziegfeld song hit of a couple of years back, so it was good.

Jim Funnell, also by request—his own—played a little thing which, he admitted modestly, had just come to him. He even sang it, to Tina's delight.

Amos was not reaping much benefit from the diversion which Jim was creating. He was too astonished at the emergence of his friend from his usual cocoon of tongue-tied silence in the presence of women to be able to consider his own problem.

"License, minister?" cried Jim, as one in pain. "What do you mean?"
"Hush, you fool," admonished Amos. "Don't let anybody know. Keep quiet. It's the only way now."

Besides, he couldn't woo Tina very successfully while she was hanging on Jim's every whisper, all ready to laugh if he should do anything even mildly funny.

The group resolved itself into two couples, Tina and Jim on the piano bench, where they had stayed after she had finished learning the words of his song, and Maxfield and Amos, who exchanged forced platitudes with one another on the davenport at the other end of the room.

"Why did Amos bring you over tonight?" Tina asked with the frank directness which was part and parcel of her nature. "Did he tell you our engagement is off?"

"He intimated that it was temporarily suspended."

"Temporarily? Nothing has ever been so permanently busted since Mr. Volstead set up his celebrated amendment for the amateur marksmen to shoot at."

"Amos is one of the finest men I know," Jim protested.

"But," she offset, "he doesn't know how to play. Amos, I'm afraid, was born fully grown up. I wouldn't dare face being alone with him on a winter's evening six months after the honeymoon was over. I'm almost sure he'd fall asleep shortly after having consumed a perfectly appointed dinner, while I'd only eat a cream puff and a pickle and be rarin' to go until dawn."

"You know, any man might well view with dismay an evening's entertainment such as you advertise. Tell Amos, and it will probably cure him."

"Would it cure you of wanting to marry me even if you did want to?"

"Probably not; but I'm not the practical sort of a man that Amos is. He's good raw material for a lifemate, while I'm only a man with imagination."

"Meaning that you imagine what we women are going to be like about ten years after our wedding and then decide to stay single?"

"No; I imagine the glory of being loved by some woman so unattainably wonderful that I prefer to stay single rather than not have her."

Tina mused over this and then laughed. "It must be rather interesting to be the reason why men stay single that way. I think I'd rather be a man's wife, though, than his mental mistress. He incurs so few responsibilities your way, don't you think?"

TINA'S father and mother returned from the theater. Mr. and Mrs. Vechts were noticeably cordial to Amos.

"That's probably another reason I threw him down," explained Tina. "No young girl should trust the judgment of her parents. Now, father, especially, is not going to like you, and you and I both know he is wrong because you're—you're—nice."

Sure enough, John Vechts was not overenthusiastic in his greeting of the stranger within his gates.

With the advent of the older people the party broke up. Both Amos and Maxfield abandoned their preconceived plan of staying one another out, and Jim was only pinch-hitting, anyway, so the three men went away together.

Amos offered to drop Maxfield O'Hagen wherever he lived, and the latter, after stiffly declining, finally accepted when he was urged. On the way there Amos stopped at a place where he knew that drinks were to be had, and over three highballs the young men discovered that they were all human beings, in spite of everything.

The topic of Tina was sedulously avoided by

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all. On other subjects they were affably controversial, especially so after a number of highballs.

"That was a darn funny song you made up tonight," Maxfield O'Hagen decided finally when they had left the last place that was still open. "Teach me and these other fellows the words of it and we'll all stand in a big circle around this lamp post and sing it with music." Which they did.

After they had dropped "good Old Max" at his home, Amos drove Jim to his own doorstep and the latter said good night.

"Don't thank me, Amos," he volunteered with a parting handclasp. "I'll be glad to help you again any time."

JIM felt pretty well satisfied with the world. His spirit was pleasantly exhilarated. The mood lasted until he confronted himself in the mirror.

"You bulbous fool," he cursed savagely. "Get back into the dark where you belong. Never give her a chance to laugh at you again."

That was a splendid resolution, and he might have been able to keep it had he been left entirely to himself.

The telephone in his office at the university next day carried a woman's voice to him, saying, "You're to take me to lunch."

He recognized her tinkling laugh.

"Why?" he asked, bluntly.

She thought a minute. "So we can decide why I should marry Amos. You started to tell me last evening, but we were interrupted by the arrival of my parents."

"But I thought you said that you would not reconsider your refusal under any circumstances."

"Then you are willing to give up?"

"No-o-o."

"All right. The Palace Grill is a good place. I'll be there in half an hour."

Jim almost decided not to go after she had hung up. But that scarcely seemed courteous or chivalrous, so he locked his common sense in his desk, together with the themes he was correcting, and went. He had foolishly started in to play Cupid to Amos and this fluttering girl, and if he could be of any assistance to either of them it seemed to be his cue to go on.

Tina did not seem very despondent, not even much perplexed. On the contrary, she gave the gay impression of one who is considerably pleased with the world as it is and has little desire to reorganize it.

There was a small, tight black hat set well down over her ears and a dark, slim dress that might have been woven around her by an infatuated silk worm. She wore two jade bracelets, which rattled together a little when she talked animatedly, using her fascinating hands and arms as explanatory adjuncts to her vocal chords.

She seemed a little frightened at first. "I'm not really in the habit of inviting myself to lunch with people whom I have just met. But some way I felt that I should probably never see you again unless I rather forced myself on you, and you seemed to have a lot of things to tell me which so far you have left unsaid."

"You mean about Amos?"

"Is there anything about Amos you think I don't know? I know he has loads of money and that he is a steadfast friend. I like him as a friend."

"So he said. Then why——"

"Love—romance—is quite different from friendship. Friendship is a sort of an encyclopedia of facts you can depend on and look into from time to time when you need it. Romance is fiction and must be a volume that you cannot lay aside until the story is finished. Of course, you really know how it will end—the hero gets the heroine and they live happily hardly ever after—but everybody pretends to be afraid the rescuing party won't get the besieged lovers in time or that the automobile won't quite make the railroad crossing ahead of the limited, and that's what keeps the blood circulating and makes us girls wear curl papers on our hair at night in the hope that tomorrow it may happen to us."

JIM disliked to interrupt her in the pursuit of so plausible a theory, but, after all, they were met for the purpose of discussing Amos, and the conversation was getting a trifle abstract.

"Amos looks exactly like the hero of a novel," he reminded her.

"But he doesn't feel like it inside of himself. Amos would never imagine danger in every dark, twisty street and enjoy it. He'd want to put an arc light there to make it safe for ladies and children. He wouldn't leave a peg to hang one's imagination on. He'd show up the ash cans and broken bottles which in the shadows you might think were crouching pirates and the eyes of wild beasts. Amos has no poetry in his soul."

Jim thought of his friend's remark of the night before. "But he has. He may be clumsy about expressing it, but that's because he cares so much. Practically every man is that way. I'm one of those ash cans you were telling about a moment ago, and I'm not calling any attention to myself with an arc light. As long as nobody notices me I can at least think to myself that I'm a pirate."

"Do you feel like that? Inside of you is there a gypsy longing to head for the horizon, regardless of consequences?"

"Why, yes." Jim shifted his position uneasily. "Amos——"

"Would never know so long as it is imaginary. Besides, I've told you that Amos is a dead issue in my life."

"Perhaps; but not in mine. I'm here simply as his attorney."

"You have nothing to say for yourself, then?"

"Not a word—for several reasons."

"If, as you say, you're not interested, the other reasons don't matter."

"I didn't say that."

"I deduced it—which is much the same."

"Not if you make your deductions with a feminine mind. Now——"

"Wouldn't we have a lovely time arguing if we ever were married?"

"No, I scarcely think so. After two people are married they soon find out which one is the master."

"In our case I know now. I mean merely that a woman would love to be bullied by you."

Jim was silent for a while. Finally Tina conceived the notion that perhaps he was hurt. "You didn't think I really would have the nerve to aspire to climb into your flinty old heart, did you?"

He looked at her, not quite comprehending. That was the way men usually looked at Tina, but it was the first time for Jim.

"Did you think that a poor man who had any shred of pride left would lay himself open to a rebuff by letting you know that he might have a heart?"

"You're not poor. You have lovely, golden ideas, and with them you can win hearts that can never be bought with money."

"Win, perhaps, but not keep. It takes kudos to maintain a heart at its highest efficiency—kudos and kale and kerosene and korn flakes—and—and—other things."

"Beginning with 'K'?"

They both laughed.

There seemed never to be a definite end to their conversation; it swirled, eddied, dipped and somersaulted in planes of four dimensions. Jim subconsciously kept looking for the opening where he could say, "Good-by; I'll go back to work," but the momentum always carried him swiftly past his doorstep, and before he knew it he was out riding with her.

It was nearly dinner time when he finally arrived at faculty bachelor quarters, in a frame of mind distinctly unbecoming to one who is an instructor of the young. It took him until Monday morning to overcome the rebel which had been born in him.

Tina called him at his office that afternoon and suggested tea.

Jim declined. "Faculty conference," he explained glibly.

As he said good-by he could feel weakness stealing over him even though the anesthetic was being administered through his ear.

The telephone rang again in a few minutes, but he did not answer it.

The next day Tina drove up to his office in her car. Fortunately (perhaps) he saw her through the window and was hiding resentfully in the basement before she came in. It made him damned mad, so he told himself, to have a mere sprat like that trying those flapper tricks on a man of his age and dignity.

The only thing was that they weren't flapper tricks. On the contrary, they were deadly warfare.

Amos invited himself to lunch the next day.

"Tina is giving a party on Friday and says you're to come, Jim," contributed the guest casually. "She has been very frosty to me until just last night. Then we got to planning this stunt, and she had to admit that I was a lot of help on suggesting things for refreshments. You'll come, of course?"

"You know I'll come, of course *not*. I don't go to parties. Besides, I'm going out of town Friday night. I've got to go up to my shack at Green Lake. It's the only thing on earth that I own, and the tulips ought to be out now."

"You wouldn't miss a party with drinks and eats just for a mess of tulips? You're not running away because you're in love with her yourself?" Amos shot at him with sudden suspicious directness.

"No. And, if I were, she'd never find it out. You know I'm not a ladies' man."

"Yeh, but I'm not sure that Tina knows it or would pay any attention to it if she did."

"Well, don't worry. I'm not in the field. You can tell that by looking at me."

Amos did look. The things he did not see reassured him. "All right, old rhinoceros. Stick with your books and tulips. They're safer than women, anyway."

THE tulips were out around Jim's shack, a gay little fringe of pioneers, but he didn't notice them. The place had never appeared so lonely before. Always heretofore he had been quite content to potter around with his spring gardening and get his own modest meals without any sense, save a pleasurable one, of being disconnected from the dynamo of life.

But this time spring did not seem to have arrived at the lake at all. Strangely enough, although Tina had never been there, his funny little rough cottage looked like a jaw with most

"No, I imagine the glory of being loved by some woman so unattainably wonderful that I prefer to stay single rather than not have her."

of the front teeth out. It must be that he had been unconsciously picturing her there. It was even especially noticeable when he lit a grate fire. Ordinarily that would have cheered things up immediately. Now it seemed to lack all the essentials of comfort.

Her wraith sat on a stool at his feet. And her voice—— He had to get out and tramp the dreary countryside. He thought it was raining, although there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

For the first time he was glad when Sunday came. He would go back to the city on the night train. It was a heavy, overcast day, with rain imminent.

By noon he had started to pack his grip.

The arrival of two automobiles, puffing up the hill to his shack, interrupted him. One was a twelve thousand dollar luxury, and the other was one of the kind you have always bought.

In the larger car were Mr. John Vechts, Mr. Amos B. Paine, Mr. Maxfield O'Hagen, and a chauffeur. In the minor vehicle were two jovial young gentlemen, as yet unknown to Jim.

Needless to say, Jim was mildly surprised at the size of the party and, like a good housewife, he mentally ran over his larder to see if there would be enough canned beans to go around.

Mr. John Vechts, like the captain of industry that he was, entered Jim's habitation first, entered without the formality of knocking at the door. He flung the portal wide and strode in. The others followed, to remain in a supporting group on the threshold.

"Where is she?" the principal invader asked. Even Jim realized now that they had not come as guests.

"Where is who?"

"My daughter, Tina."

"How should I know?"

"Why shouldn't you?" The older man handed a newspaper to Jim. It was the front page of the Sunday news section.

JIM, who naturally had not seen it, let his eye run over the headlines, "More Oil Scandal," "Two Killed in Auto Smash," "Mrs. Jones Acquitted of Killing Husband," and finally lit upon "Telephone Clew to Disappearance of Millionaire's Daughter."

He surmised that it must refer to Tina, so he read the story:

"A new angle was injected into the mysterious disappearance Friday evening of Miss Christina Vechts from her home while a dancing party was in progress.

"At a late hour Saturday night a woman, who refused to give her name, called up the office of this newspaper and suggested that there might be some connection between the vanishing of the beautiful heiress and the departure on the same night from his quarters at the university of Mr. James Funnell, professor of English. Professor Funnell, it was said, has long been an admirer of Miss Vechts.

"A telephone call to Professor Funnell's quarters revealed the fact that he did leave town Friday afternoon or evening, presumably

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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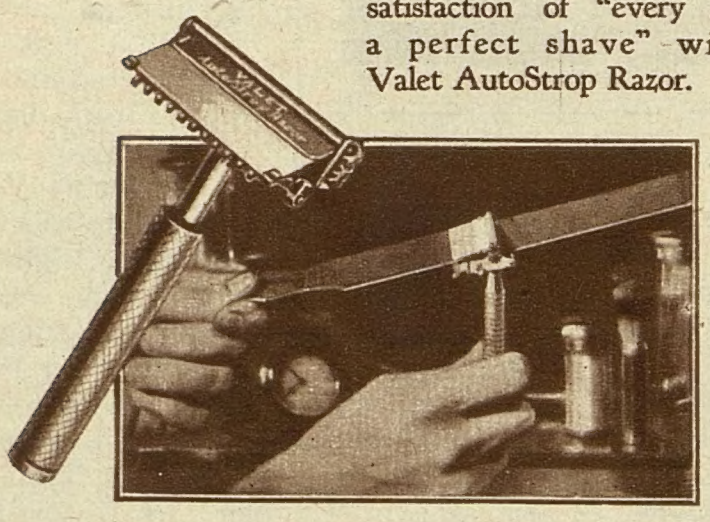

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

for Green Lake, where the professor owns a modest resort home.

"In the meantime the police and parties of volunteer searchers have been unremitting in their efforts to find the unfortunate girl. A descrpition of her, together with her latest photograph, will be found on another page—also a description of Professor Funnell, who may be the man in the case."

THERE followed, in the newspaper article, a condensed story of all that had been printed the day before about the case, mostly enlarging on the wealth and social prominence of the Vechts family and calling attention to parallel features in other recent disappearances.

Tina's father impatiently interrupted him before he could finish the article.

"There's no use stalling any longer. Where is she?"

"I haven't seen her."

Mr. Vechts seemed nonplussed for a moment. But one of the unintroduced young men came forward with a suggestion: "He'd have to say that under any circumstances. He's probably got her hid away somewhere. Search the place."

"We'd have to have a search warrant first."

The young man laughed. "I don't. I'd be fired from the *Clarion* the minute I came in from this story if I told the boss I let a little thing like not having a search warrant interfere with my finding out whether your daughter is here or not. Come on, George."

The other strange young man followed the reporter. So did Messrs. Vechts and O'Hagen.

Amos stayed behind. "If you haven't married her, God help you."

Jim swore. "You damn fool. How could I marry her when I haven't even seen her?"

Amos put a soothing hand on his friend's arm.

"There's no use sticking to that story, Jim. No one will believe you. Even I don't. But I'm still your friend, even though you have broken my heart. And if they don't find her, I'll try to get them away, and then you hunt up a minister as soon as we're gone and before that reporter from the *Clarion* gets hold of any more clews. For Tina's sake we must prevent a scandal."

Jim did not have time to give free expression to his exasperation, because the searching party returned baffled.

"I'll bet she's here somewhere," the aggressive reporter insisted.

"We'd better go back to town," suggested Amos. "Do you want to ride with us, Jim?"

"I do not," returned the aggrieved professor, holding his temper as best he could. "I'll go back by the night train, just as I planned."

"It would look better for Tina if you came with us," Amos pointed out.

"What do I care for appearances? Leave me alone, or I'll run one or two of you fellows into the lake. The water is cool, too, this time of year."

So his uninvited guests made an unceremonious exit from the premises.

Twenty minutes after they had gone and about the time Jim had regained control of his lost temper there came a tap on his door.

He looked up from his grips, which he had begun once more to pack. "Come in."

The door opened. There was Tina.

"Oh!" she said. "You live here?"

"Yes," Jim admitted. "Didn't you know it?"

"I don't believe you ever told me."

THE statement was surely noncommital enough. Jim examined it from several angles before she went on with her own explanation.

"Something went wrong with my car down the road a little way, and I thought maybe I could get someone to fix it."

"Your father was just here a few minutes ago."

"Yes, I thought he was coming this way. I was trying to catch him and tell him that I am found. If you'll help me perhaps I can still get home before he does."

Now Jim didn't know anything about automobiles. Perhaps Tina guessed that. He removed several wires from places where they were fastened and fastened them in other places, but it didn't appear to do any good. Quite the contrary, if anything. The rai started before he gave up.

"It doesn't really matter," Tina assured him. "Isn't there a train back to the city from here?"

Jim looked at his watch. "Yes, but it has gone, and there won't be another until nearly eleven."

"Well, that's all right. I'll send a wire that I'll be home in the morning and they won't worry—much."

"All right. But it's quite a walk to town." He gazed doubtfully at her tiny, trimly shod feet.

"Do I have to walk?"

"Well, the village liveryman isn't coming for me until after supper, and as I have no telephone there is no way of notifying him to get here earlier."

"After supper will be soon enough. I'd rather wait here than in the railroad station anyway. That word 'supper' strikes a responsive chord in my bosom. Hav you got enough for a guest? I have a box of chocolates in my grip," Tina contributed. "They'll do for dessert."

It wasn't the question of sup-

plies that was worrying Jim. But how could he tell her that it wouldn't be quite proper for her to be alone with him in his cottage? If she had not thought of it herself it would only cause embarrassment for him to mention it. She had to go somewhere. It was too wet outside for a picnic.

So, at Tina's direction, Jim got her suitcase from the luggage compartment of the car and ushered her back along the muddy trail to his quarters.

Tina distracted his mind from the subject of propriety with a patter of questions.

"Haven't you lots of spring flowers? Jonquils, tulips, snow blossoms, trillium, and all that sort of thing. It seems to me Amos was telling me that you came up to see them."

"Why, I don't know. I—why, yes, look! The path to the house is bordered with them. I hadn't noticed before."

Jim built up the fire in the grate and went to the kitchen to start the cook stove. When he came back into the living room Tina was not there.

"Where are you?" he called, a strange note of disappointment in his voice. Perhaps it was a dream.

"Where is who?" The answer came from his dressing room. "Call me by name and I'll appear."

"All right. Come out, Titania."

"How did you guess my name?" she asked, and continued, "I didn't have anything to change to but this dancing frock I ran away in, and my other clothes are wet."

Apricot mist swathed her spirit, made manifest in tight plaited folds over her suggested bosom but draped everywhere else. Black hose; dull finish satin slippers with gleaming buckles.

"But," she continued her apology, "if you have an apron anywhere around the house I'll show you that I'm a demon with a skillet and a coffee pot—or even if you haven't."

Jim was a pretty fair amateur frying pan handler himself, but he let Tina help, and between them they cooked up an edible mess of ambrosia and nectar. The beans were slightly scorched, and the coffee boiled over, but in general the supper was a moderate culinary success.

Afterward they hung her wet clothes to dry over the kitchen stove and went into the living room by the fireplace.

GAZING at the fire, she explained—or seemed to think that she did—how she happened to disappear from home two nights before.

"Amos proposed to me again, and so did Max O'Hagen. They were both pretty mad at each other, and neither one interested me. Amos kept talking about the kind of building materials he was going to use in his new house, and Max offered to let me tell him what a grand musician he is for all the rest of my life. I decided I couldn't escape them in my own house, so I ran away—I just had to. Don't you ever get that way?"

Jim never had until that moment. He did not say that, though. Instead he asked, "Where did you go and how did you finally arrive here?"

"Well, I just went to a hotel at first and thought and thought, but I couldn't get anywhere all by myself, so I decided to talk it all over with you. You're such a bear on advice. I suppose that comes from being a professor."

Jim grunted. She was teasing him again.

"But I don't see how you found me."

"That was simple. I telephoned the *Clarion* that you and I had disappeared at about the same time. Just as I thought, Amos took my father right up here—he wouldn't tell *me* where your place was—and I followed them. They never thought to look behind." She giggled.

Jim was aghast, and almost mad at the nerve of the child. The way she was playing Ned with the men who loved her was beyond belief. She ought to be spanked—by her father, of course, who could do it even if she were dressed in a film of yellow cobwebs—and sent to a reform school.

But Jim found it difficult to put his boiling emotions into words. After all, the chit had flattered him tremendously by coming all the way to seek his counsel. Of course, she had damaged his reputation irreparably at the university by that fool newspaper story, but probably she had not thought of that.

It just happened that he did not get a chance to formulate his admonition in speech. Before his sputtering ideas could arrange themselves there came a heavy knock on the door.

"It's the liveryman," Jim explained lamely. "I didn't know it was time to start yet."

"I'll be ready in a minute," said Tina as she scrambled to her feet. "It will only take a second to change my clothes."

The villager was dumb with amazement.

"I didn't know you had a missus," he said when Tina had taken her suit to the dressing room and closed the door.

"I haven't—that is—yes." Any explanation seemed futile.

THE drive to town behind a sloshy team was an agony of repression to Jim. Tina was full of animated conversation, most of it with the driver, whose innermost history she probed in the course of the hour-long trip. When they finally arrived at the station the driver was her friend for life and was volunteering all kinds of service when she should come back. Jim was going to have a fine time satisfying his curiosity when he returned next time without her.

Tina sent a telegram to her parents, and then, when the train came along, Jim was fortunate enough to secure a drawing room for her and a berth for himself. But he didn't sleep any.

The same porter carried Tina's grip and his own as they walked down the train platform toward the iron grill gates.

There, apparently restrained with difficulty by the gateman, stood John Vechts, Amos B. Paine, Maxfield O'Hagen, the two reporters of yesterday, and many other men as yet unclassified, all intently interested in their arrival. Some of the strangers had cameras which clicked cheerfully as Tina and Jim came through the gate. Jim realized then, too late, that Tina's hand was resting trustfully on his arm.

Amos closed in beside Jim and Mr. Vechts took a similar guarding position on Tina's right.

"Don't say a word to the reporters," cautioned Amos in a whisper as he helped hustle the pair through the crowd. "Are you married yet?"

"No. Why the Sam Hill should I be married?"

Amos groaned. "They're not married yet," he told Mr. Vechts.

The latter clapped his hands to his forehead. "'Just as I feared. This will kill Mrs. Vechts if she ever finds out. She must never know. It's lucky we've got a license and a minister waiting. You're a wonder at efficiency, Amos."

"License? Minister?" cried Jim as one in pain. "What do you mean?"

"Hush, you fool," admonished Amos. "Don't let anybody know. Keep quiet. It's the only way now."

Jim did protest some more—all the way, in fact—but nobody listened to him. Tina didn't say a word.

THEY were married in a suite in a hotel just across the street, Amos and Max acting as witnesses.

A sigh of relief went up from all parties concerned—save possibly the dumfounded bridegroom.

"Your mother and I will be expecting you both out at the house in an hour," Tina's father warned Tina as he left. "Think up a good story for her, and stick to it, but don't tell her the truth."

Jim, in a daze, regarded the closed door.

"Married!" he muttered. "What"—he turned accusingly toward Tina—"what did you say in that telegram last night?"

Tina appeared to try to remember. "Why, I just said: 'We are both well and happy. Jim is the finest man I ever knew. Meet us at the station tomorrow morning.' That was all, I think."

Jim groaned and sank into one of the chairs.

In a moment Tina touched his arm. She was sitting on the floor at his feet.

"Don't you want to be married to me?" she questioned, a tear, perhaps of apprehension, brimming in her eye.

"Oh, God, yes."

"Would it ever have happened in any other way?"

"No."

"Well?"

Jim struggled with himself. Finally he had to laugh.

"You're the damnedest fool woman I ever—ever——"

"Does the word you are trying to say begin with 'k'?"

"Yes."

"But you haven't—yet."

Her lips were silk.

THE END

COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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Theodore Roosevelt

Son of the famous President, goes after the men and women who won't vote, in a trenchant article in next week's Liberty.

You will be reminded of his father's vigorous crusades when you read it. It's called:

Ballot Slackers

MEDICINE

FROM Down the Street Comes That Most Ominous of Sounds—the Throaty Roar of the Approaching Mob! What Is to Be Done? How to Stop Them? An Account of the Many Tricks, Some Humorous, Some Brave, Which Have Averted Wholesale Bloodshed

IT WAS during a particularly acrimonius strike of silk workers in Paterson, New Jersey. The strikers were freshly but badly organized. The ignorance of the rank and file of the idle weavers and of their leaders not only worked ill upon their own cause but made them easy prey to the more vicious of the I. W. W. organizers—unable demagogues quite as dangerous in their lack of understanding as the most arrogant of the employers were.

There had been disorder in Paterson. Zealous but stupid vigilantes raided strike meetings, and in retaliation strikers threw stones through the windows of the homes and industrial strongholds of their enemies. Gradually the guerilla warfare developed two opposed and numerous armies, the indignant bourgeoisie on one hand hating the foreigner who composed the opposing proletarian forces.

And the latter, being ignorant and misled, were excellent material for the professional labor agitators who were being well paid from the strikers' treasury for keeping the situation fermenting. The longer the strike lasted the longer would the I. W. W. ballyhoos draw wages.

Two weeks of the strike passed. Benefits were being dispensed with because the union was young, poor, and its coffers light. Hunger stalked along the workers' horizon, and this was meat for the agitators. A mass meeting was called for Saturday afternoon, and tweeded and scented pinks from far and near foregathered by motor car to applaud the weedy and unwashed reds who were doing the haranguing.

Many policemen and firemen bordered the throng which had assembled in the open air. The former were equipped with riot clubs, the latter with fire hoses. Rumor had it that within a jump of the meeting place shotguns and rifles were stacked and that the police were to avail themselves of these if necessary. The hoses were screwed to the hydrants and a twist of a wrench would release the water. It is difficult to fight if you are all wet.

"Nothing so good as a heavy stream of water to disperse a mob," said the fire chief.

Here you had the makings of a thoroughly disastrous riot—the mob, the agitators, the inciters, the *agents provocateurs*, and the breaking down of all sense of responsibility on both sides.

Not the least of the duties of a private detective agency which makes a specialty of labor troubles are those requiring it to plant spies inside the union lines either by bribing someone already a member or insinuating a new member under the guise of a recruit from the nonunion forces and to arrange matters so that these men or women will start the fight which is to end in the elimination of the union leaders. Frequently the private operative becomes an official of the union and dictates its policy.

The *agent provocateur* is usually a little more adroit. He will start a strike for the purpose of breaking the back (and likewise the heads) of a young union before it reaches its mature strength. Thus he is precipitating the inevitable at a time most propitious for those who would prevent a later and more menacing labor battle.

However—

"One way to break this strike," said one of the private detectives, "is to get something on the ringleaders. If we can start a riot we'll get rid of them."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, we'll arrest them on a charge of rioting—if what's left of them after the fight's worth arresting."

ALL the warm shades of political and sociological politics were represented by the speakers, who were unanimously wary in their utterances and bloodless in their exhortations. Then, out in the crowd, a young Italian who looked a likely subject for a psychological if not a pathological clinic, tired of weasel words, began an impassioned oration on his own account.

He spoke in Italian. The police were at sea. Certainly the man looked as if he were inciting to riot; and the crowd, surging to him, lost its apathy and began applauding. Now and then he'd point to the police and the firemen.

He heated the mob to boiling point. The scheduled speakers quit. The police took fresh grips on their clubs. The firemen dragged their hoses to points where the entire crowd could be battered by the heavy streams, and men were preparing to turn on the water.

All those not personally enlisted on one side or the other scampered out of the way. Anything might happen—bombs, shooting, anything. *Something* was sure to happen. And something did.

A stout, ruddy policeman, as Irish as the County Mayo could turn them out, walked into the snarling mob. Without violence he shouldered his way to the center and halted beside the impassioned Italian. Upon his face there came a broad smile—a fine, tolerant, fatherly grin.

"Now, now, b'ys," he chided, "it's gettin'

for the MOB

"Nothing so good as a heavy stream of water to disperse a mob," said the fire chief.

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Pictures by R. E. JOHNSTON

late. Go home now, like good b'ys. Go home to yer nice, war-r-m suppers, and ye'll be feelin' betther."

It didn't make any difference that many of the b'ys had no war-r-m suppers to go to, nor, if they had, that they had no homes to eat them in. The wild man on the box ceased his harangue. Those among his audience who could understand the cop wilted and began to shuffle. They translated the policeman's words for those who knew no English.

And there stood O'Shea or Fogarty or whatever his name was (unhappily, I have forgotten it), smiling his beautiful smile and looking for all the world like a shaved Celtic Santa Claus in blue and brass. There he stood beaming good will and peace to all mankind, just as a fat old nurse might inform the neighborhood children it was six o'clock and that their mothers were looking for them to come home to supper and bed.

Somebody in the crowd snickered; then another laughed. The effrontery of this big Paddy! The mob broke gently. Little streams of humanity trickled off from it. The fiery Sicilian on the box shrieked vainly for them to attend him. In broken English he spat curses upon the big cop. And the latter paid no more attention to him than if he had been a jenny wren chiding a squatter sparrow.

And there was no riot. In fifteen minutes the square was cleared of all but a few idle gossipers and the mob-breaking policeman, who, his red face still beaming, was clumping up and down, patrolling his beat.

THAT is one way of dispersing a mob. I know it is because I saw it done. I cannot, of course, predict what would have happened had this hero been absent, but I do know that I have never seen such potential trouble averted so deftly.

But it is one of the very best antidotes for an overdose of mob. You can, if you know your weapon, vanquish almost anything or anybody with humor, whether it be good, broad ridicule, gentle irony, good natured chaff, or biting sarcasm. You must be wary of the sarcasm: there must be a laugh in it and not a wince.

For example, the writer remembers hearing one Joel Snodgrass, ex-sheriff of a county in Alabama (memory refuses to supply the county's name) telling of a doughty old peace officer under whom he had learned the business of sheriffing.

A mob had gathered and had decided that it would not disperse until Sheriff Snodgrass' preceptor had surrendered a culprit whom the boys desired to lynch. The old sheriff was not disposed to comply; in fact, he said that it would be over his prostrate body that anybody entered that jail.

LOOKING over the mob, he singled out a fellow citizen notorious for his lack of individual courage.

"Harris Harkness," shouted the old sheriff to this valiant lyncher, "before you-all help hang anybody step fowuds and lemme talk with you."

Harris, assisted by others who knew that his was not a lion's heart, came forward.

"Harris Harkness," scoffed the veteran at the jail gates, "seems to me you-all better go on home. They ain't no tellin' whut's goin' to happen here, and shore's you're a foot high, Harris, you're goin' to get sick at your stomach, especially if anybody's hanged. You know you got a weak stomach, Harris, and your wife don't want to be runnin' over to Doc Flowers's for paregoric for you all night."

And poor Harris Harkness slunk off. He had to. The mob began to jeer at him. Some of them mimicked the old sheriff's words to him. Harris, the ferocious mobsman, went home with his head down. Also the mob discovered that it had lost its spirit. It had started to laugh. And the laugh won for the sheriff the good humored attention of the mob. He talked them into disbanding.

In Lawrence, Massachusetts, during a strike of textile workers, I saw a mob confused, diverted, and dispersed by the simple process of hitting it on the flank, at about the shoulder, and quickly cutting it off from its leaders, who were in that portion of it in front of the point of attack.

What happened was this. The mob—fifteen hundred persons or so—had headed down the street, bent upon forcing the gates of one of the mills and visiting quick and major punishment upon the men and women who had either remained at work or had been recruited from nonunion sources—the scabs, so called.

Here was one of the most dangerous of all strike situations. The idle workers had become desperate, and the chances of their losing all they had struck for were bright. The worst thing they could have done was to have started out to mob anybody or anything, because public opinion was still pretty evenly divided between them and their erstwhile employers.

However, their leaders, realizing that they would have to do something radical or lose the confidence of the strikers, urged violence. And the result was that this mob started out to murder, if necessary, and burn.

The police had had a bad time of it. Neither side was friendly to them. The strikers were contending that the police were unnecessarily brutal, and the employers were displeased because the police had not used their clubs frequently enough. As a matter of fact, it appeared, to the outsider, that the police had gone to the limit of their capacities to stand for nothing but order.

The mob had walked half a mile factoryward when a line of policemen bucked it on its shoulder. They plunged on through to the other side, thereby cutting a lane through the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Every hair in a child's head cries out for proper care

A CHILD'S hair must be *properly* shampooed for the sake of *future* hair health as well as for present loveliness.

Suppose you could get a shampoo as pure as certified milk—as mild as soft water—as fragrant as a wild flower, and even more *cleansing* than the usual harsh, ill-smelling soap?

You can! Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo is soothing to the tenderest scalp. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and removes all the dust, dirt and dandruff—the chief cause of hair trouble. And it keeps the hair soft, fluffy and clean.

It is surprisingly economical. For only 50 cents your druggist will give you a large six-ounce bottle so that you may see for yourself how easy it is to keep your child's hair *healthy*, and sweet enough to kiss. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT
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SHAMPOO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

mob and separating it into two portions, the head and the body. Quickly, they surrounded the head and hustled it off into a side street. And in this head they had captured all but a few of the leaders. Those not thus corralled were minor ones.

But that left the mob leaderless. It ran on, as if under its own impetus, for a block or two, and then stopped, milled around, and sullenly and stupidly disintegrated.

That is another way of defeating a mob.

Police officials will tell you that the most effective way is to form your policemen into a hollow square, arm them with shotguns, and get set in the path of the mob. The sight of all these bluecoats prepared to strew the landscape with corpses is warranted, they say, to dishearten the unorganized rabble. And, if it doesn't, a few volleys will.

I have seen the mob at work in various places and under a variety of circumstances, and inasmuch as I have never but once seen the police advance or stand in riot formation (and this was not encouragingly successful) I am not prepared to agree with this theory. The police are learning, as sooner or later the private detectives must learn, that they cannot shoot or club passion to death and that intimidation by show of force only postpones the trouble.

SOME years ago there was a bitter street car strike in Philadelphia. The major portion of the rough work was being done in the Port Richmond sector at the foot of Allegheny Avenue. There, for two days, the mob prevailed. It had the run of the district, and the police were frank in their admissions that, single-handed, they were unable to cope with the trouble over so wide a territory.

The State Fencibles, a semi-independent regiment of National Guardsmen, were called to arms and detailed to the particularly riotous district around the car barns. It was utterly unfair to the Fencibles, who were but boys of eighteen or nineteen and whose officers, with brilliant military acumen, stationed them at fixed posts twenty or thirty yards apart.

The lads stood post singly, whereas there should have been at least two men at each station. However, the mob, scattered loosely over the area, sauntered up and down sneering, but saying nothing and offering no offense. This was but a successful attempt to cloak the real preparation of the mob to strike.

Suddenly, from nowhere in particular, a number of young women—perhaps a hundred of them—appeared in the center of the street, not in any particular formation, but in a long, straggling, serpentine line.

Three of the girls walked slowly toward a pale stripling who wore the uniform of the Fencibles and carried a rifle on his shoulder. He was standing on the pavement five feet from the entrance of an alley. Without haste and taking advantage of the curtaining crowd, the three girls shoved the boy into the alley.

IN an incredibly short space of time the boy emerged from the alley looking less warlike than ever. His rifle was gone, his hat was gone, and his cartridge belt was gone. Moreover, his blouse was shorn of all its buttons and neatly ripped up the back, via the center seam. More pathetic was the fact that the ladies had ripped the buttons off his breeches.

They had shoved him forth, and their allies had shoved him farther, until he stood in the street a pitiful, abject boy, scared, confused, and ashamed. He stood there, witless, clutching his buttonless uniform. The girls escaped up the alley and through the maze of connecting alleys peculiar to cities of Philadelphia's housing plan.

And that wasn't all. The girls had discovered that the rifle carried by the boy was available for nothing except clubbing, because it had a dummy wooden barrel through which no bullets could possibly be fired. It was to be assumed, therefore, that all of the Fencibles were similarly armed.

That evening and night the mob broke into the barns, stole trolley cars, which they ran down the tracks and burned, and virtually forced the Fencibles out of the district. At dawn the Pennsylvania State Police arrived. The mob was not only drunk with its own victory but had added to its cocksureness by drinking much alcohol.

It jeered the state police but offered no resistance. It was confidently expected that the state police and the mob would clash at a time selected by the latter. And they did, but not as expected.

Along about two in the afternoon the verbal abuse of the state police had reached the stage where human endurance could not be expected to bear up much longer. And what appeared to be the breaking point came when a wild man poked his head from a third story window. The orders were that no one should appear at windows.

The sergeant in command of the state police spoke quietly to one of his men. The trooper called up to the man in the window:

"Get out of that window and come down. You're under arrest."

A flood of wild profanity from the man at the window. He withdrew for a moment and reappeared with a shotgun in his hands. There was a general scramble for safety. This, if ever, was the moment for the clash between the troopers and the mob. This was the touchoff. Now for the bloodshed.

The state trooper didn't move for a few seconds, and then:

"Throw down that gun," he said quietly, "and then come down yourself."

More abuse from above.

"Come and get me. I'd just as lief blow your head off as any other guy's."

Unconcernedly and without haste the state policeman entered the house. The wild man left the window. We could hear him bellow:

"Come on up, you ——! Come on up. I don't want to miss you."

And everybody waited—waited for the roar of the shotgun.

But the only roar we heard issued from the lungs of the wild man. Why he roared we didn't know, but two minutes later out came the state policeman carrying the shotgun in his left hand and dragging the owner thereof with his right. The nose of the prisoner was bleeding and there was an uncomprehending look in his eyes—the rather vague look of a man just recovering from a knockout.

The trooper hurled his man into the arms of two city policemen, who hustled him off to the police station.

That broke the mob's spirit. It was awed into something like respect for this solitary trooper who had calmly walked into what seemed to be certain death. And awed by the suggestion that all the troopers were just like this one. There was no more violence in the Port Richmond section. The mob never got together again.

And *that's* an effective way of treating with the mob spirit and the mob itself.

WHEN I started out to write this article on mob medicine, seeking the most successful and most available methods of dealing with mobs, I talked, naturally enough, with a number of police chiefs. All of them spoke evasively, declaring, in substance, that there was but one approved method of treating with an inflamed mob, and that was to use violence. A well disciplined riot squad, they said, would defeat any mob.

Frankly, that isn't true. I have seen well disciplined police nip a demonstration in the bud, so to speak, but that isn't dealing with a mob. I have seen efforts of strikers to parade up Fifth Avenue, New York City, defeated by half a dozen mounted policemen, who simply rode the assembling crowd into confusion and kept on riding it off until the would-be paraders were scattered over a wide territory, when patrolmeh on foot would see to it that there should be no reassembling. But that

Out came the state policeman carrying the shotgun in his left hand and dragging the owner thereof with his right.

isn't treating with the full grown mob.

To be sure, the best way to handle the mob spirit is to break it before it grows up. Don't let the mob get together, and you have no mob. That, my dear Watson, is elementary. But you must remember that here in America your policeman is a member of that class of society most likely to be in sympathy with the sentiment behind the mob. He may deprecate mob action, but at heart he is with the cause which has given birth to the mob.

The individual psychology of the policeman is quite another thing. Proud of his power, he is willing to use it whenever occasion demands, but he is not the Cossack nor yet the gendarme. His nearest relative in mental processes is the "bobby." All other things being equal, the policeman would derive more personal satisfaction from hauling the president of the bank to jail than he would from "running in" his neighbor.

Even so, the average policeman is a courageous, resourceful, fair-minded official, intent first of all upon maintaining order. Yet I have seen him refuse to shoot into a mob which contained men of his own social station in society and quietly ignore the unfair newspaper editorials which on the following day rebuked him for pussyfooting.

Of course, if that mob opens fire on him—but that is an entirely different story.

TWO widely divergent mob scenes were staged in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, and Bayonne, New Jersey. In the latter case the workers at the Standard Oil tanks were on strike. Twice the police, marching in riot formation, passed between two mobs, but dispersed neither.

The mob, interpreting this to mean that the police acknowledged its superior prowess, jeered and stood its ground. But on the third occasion the police were fired upon. A battle ensued around the gates of the oil works. The police won. The mob was broken. The strike soon waned and died.

In Coatesville the story began differently. A policeman named Rice was shot to death by a negro, Zach Walker, who himself was shot by the dying Rice. Walker, not seriously wounded, was taken to the Coatesville Hospital, a little way out of town.

After Rice's funeral the men from the rolling mills congregated and decided, without any particular passion, to lynch Walker. They talked it over calmly and decided that nothing less summary would serve. The whole town knew about it. At the hospital, thinking to frustrate the mob, the negro was shackled by his ankles to his cot.

The newspapers in nearby towns were notified. Law abiding citizens ran hither and yon calling for the police to do something and wondering what they themselves had better do. They did nothing—could do nothing, and the police did nothing—could do nothing.

The steel workers trudged quietly up the hill to the little red brick hospital, shoved in the doors, and took Walker. They couldn't unshackle him, so they took the footboard of the cot with them.

They dragged the wretched man over the country road to a pasture. It was in the early evening, and the word had spread over the county. The road was choked with motor cars and teams, all filled with men and women come out to witness a lynching. Someone drove a stake into the ground, piled brush and kindling around it, saturated the heap with kerosene, and, after throwing the iron footboard over the stake so that Walker had a roaming radius of four or five feet, fired the oily wood.

And then, with a calm hard to understand, they stood around with long poles and, iron puddler-wise, they poked the poor devil back into the fire until he was no longer able to crawl out.

Just as quietly as it assembled and took its man this mob dispersed. It had met with no opposition and subsequently paid no penalty. Just what would have happened had ten or twelve courageous policemen opposed it is something to be guessed at.

A MOB is a mob or merely a throng of outraged citizens, depending upon your viewpoint. The Romanoff monarchy and the French Empire were obliterated by mobs if your sympathies are with the royalists. They succumbed to the expressed righteous will of the people—if you see virtue in Lenin's revolt or the dissent of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. By the same token, did Benito Mussolini lead a mob? Or are the Fascisti a throng of citizens representing the spirit of the Italian people intent upon justice?

The members of the famous "Boston Tea Party" are called "ruffians" and "rowdies" in some latter-day histories, and the party itself has been branded as a "mob, bent on destruction," but most of us would prefer to consider the men who composed it stanch and courageous patriots.

The word mob is derived from the Latin *mobile vulgus*, the movable common people. Look back over history. Consider the men who led the *mobile vulgus*. Do you call them mob leaders? It is, therefore, *what* the crowd does and *how*, and where *your* sympathies lie, that decides whether it is a mob.

THE END

A DIVORCEE *tells the* TRUTH

Revealing the Startling Fact That Within Forty-eight Hours After Marriage a Bride Knows Whether or Not She Has Chosen the Wrong Man for a Mate

By MARY M. McBRIDE

Pictures by RALPH BARTON

WE were talking about a woman who, after thirty years of apparently happy married life, divorced her husband on the grounds of incompatibility.

Then Dolly mentioned the young American heiress who recently united her destinies to a foreign title and, after a honeymoon in Europe, returned to her home here with several new Paris gowns but no husband.

We discussed, too, current newspaper tales of a Wisconsin bride who sued for divorce one week to the hour from her wedding morning.

"How soon after marriage does a woman really know whether she has plucked the peach of her dreams or only a lemon in the garden of love?" I asked idly.

Rather to my surprise, Dolly seemed to take the question under serious consideration. I notice that she often takes things with unexpected seriousness since she got her divorce last year.

Dolly is pretty and a natural blonde. She is almost flapperishly bobbed and vocabularized, knows the trick of wearing make-up without looking artificial, and has ultra-modern views about everything. Lots of men have acted as if they would like to marry her since she regained her freedom, but she seems indifferent to them all.

I had to repeat my question.

"How soon *does* a woman know the truth about her marriage?" I persisted.

"Well, I truly believe," she finally answered thoughtfully, "that every woman finds out her mistake, if it is a mistake, in less than forty-eight hours after the preacher finishes saying, 'I pronounce you man and wife!'"

"Oh, but Dolly, that can't be true! People stay married years and years sometimes. Why, you stuck it out four years yourself!"

"I know they do—and I did. But that isn't the point. Lots of times you go on with the thing, hoping something will bring it out right in the end. That's the way I was, anyway, and lots of my friends have had the same experience.

"I think—no, I am sure—that if you could get the woman who divorced her husband after thirty years to tell the truth, even she would admit that some little incident in the first hours of her married life was the forerunner of the final, though long delayed, smash-up!"

"I know a woman who married a prize fighter, and ran away from him at the wedding reception because she decided she didn't like his looks, or something," I volunteered, interestedly. "And I suppose you remember that Chicago girl who literally left her fiancé waiting at the church? How would you explain those last minute withdrawals?"

BEWARE OF THESE HONEYMOON REEFS

Here, according to the divorcee who tells this story, are some of the things that have ruined perfectly good marriages within a few hours after the ceremony:

One bridegroom's idea of the right thing for a honeymoon was a jolly old drinking party with his bride and thirty college pals.

A second bridegroom "touched" his bride for the loan of five dollars within two hours after the ceremony.

Still another, generous and even lavish as a fiancé, developed stinginess immediately after the wedding.

A fourth snarled at the porter of the honeymoon train and soon afterward at his wife!

And a fifth placed an affectionate arm about his bride in their honeymoon taxi, preparatory to the first post-nuptial kiss—and exposed an onion breath!

But the principal cause of marriage wreck is the fact that the bridegroom, a suppliant and a petitioner before marriage, becomes the exacting conqueror when the knot has been tied.

Dolly laughed.

"You're getting off the subject, my dear," she warned. "Those girls were probably just changeable. I am talking about women who have had a chance to observe how marriage changes a man's whole psychology. In an instant he becomes the conqueror instead of the suppliant. It's terrible what a sense of possession often does to him. Where he has been courteous he becomes peremptory. Where he has been the gallant bearer of gifts, he turns into a miser. Where he has been a flatterer, he changes into a nagger. He substitutes indifference for consideration—not because he has ceased to love the object of his pursuit, but merely because he has completed his conquest!

"It's unbelievable what seeming trifles—differences of temperament, small habits of speech or action brought into view by the new intimacy of marriage will do to a loving heart.

"A man may be brilliant and distinguished, as handsome as Adonis and as courtly as Sir Walter Raleigh where the rest of the world is concerned, but his recently wedded wife sees him as he really is."

I ventured a timid speculation as to whether women might not also be transformed by marriage. I suggested that a sense of possession might make them over-sure of themselves and consequently bossy. Dolly agreed half-heartedly, but maintained that the greatest changes occur when a fiancé becomes a husband.

"Anyway, my own particular little disillusionment came before I had been married twenty-four hours," she declared. "You know Joe and I used to summer in the same little New England resort village. We met there, in fact, and had many friends in common. Joe was a big, handsome creature, popular with everybody, and I had known that the announcement of our engagement brought me no little envy.

"I had not realized, however, that the man I was marrying had been mixed up in many serious love affairs. Yet he hardly waited until our marriage vows were said to begin his boasts of conquest among my friends in the little village.

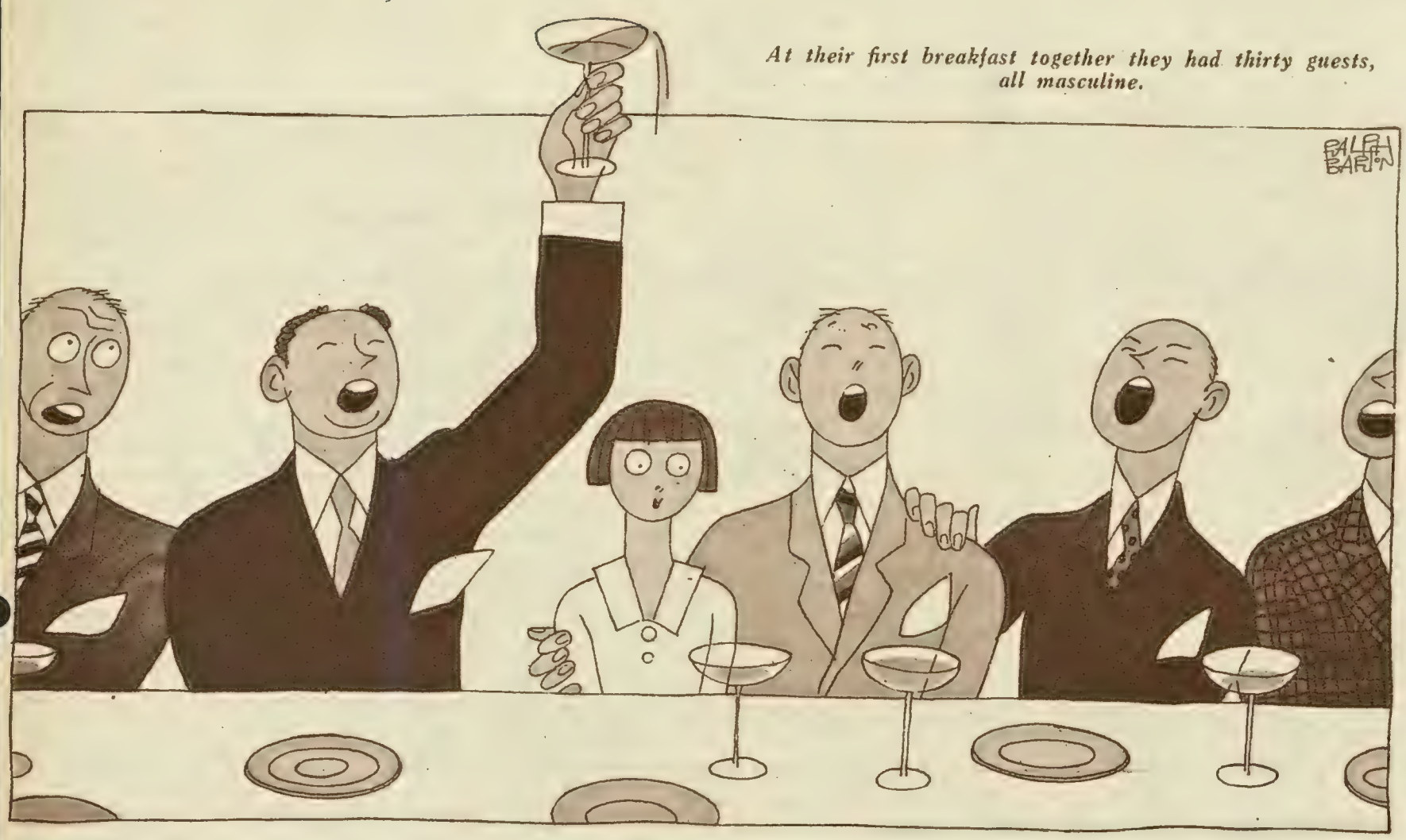
"I couldn't credit my own ears. I felt sick, cheated, heartbroken, by his recital of incidents with those girls. I didn't believe him and told him so. I wept and felt myself in the midst of a nightmare, from which I hoped every moment to be awakened. But I never was. It was all really happening. If he had waited to go into his past at least until the honeymoon was over, if he had then made it a confession instead of a boast, I might not have been so shocked, but as a bride of a few hours I was scarcely in the mood for revelations.

"I never got over that talk. I came to regard myself only as his latest 'flame,' and I had the horrible feeling that I would not be the last. Sure enough, it was not many weeks before I found that he was seeking other companionship. And—well, I 'stuck it out' for a while, but there was no doubt of the final outcome. And, as you know, I didn't have to leave New York State to get my divorce! There is only one ground here."

There were tears in Dolly's

Quick change of a young man from a beau . . .

into a husband.



At their first breakfast together they had thirty guests, all masculine.

blue eyes when she finished, but she resolutely shook them away.

"I was no harder hit than lots of other girls are on their honeymoons," she went on. "In the last three or four years half a dozen disappointed brides have cried out their woes on my shoulder. Sometimes their stories would have seemed funny if I hadn't understood what they were going through.

"For instance, there was Alice Van. You remember in the story books how the hero always murmurs at the earliest opportunity, 'At last we are alone,' and then kisses his bride lingeringly? Well, Alice weepingly confided that Alf said that to her as soon as they got into a taxi with the curtains drawn. Only, when he leaned over for the lingering kiss, she discovered he had been eating either onions or garlic.

"The awful part of the whole thing was that ever since Alice was a little girl the odor or taste of onions has made her deathly sick. She suddenly felt faint, but Alf didn't notice a thing. She said she tried to be a good sport, but the odor filled the cab and she pushed him away and began to cry.

"All anxiety, he tried to take her into his arms again to console her, and, of course, that only made matters worse. Finally he got out of her what was the matter and then he was furious. He explained very pompously, it seems, that onions were his favorite vegetable, especially when cooked in a certain way by his mother. She had prepared them for a farewell dish and he had eaten them at lunch.

"Alice was hysterically certain that the incident marked the beginning of the end for them. Try as she would, she could never feel that any man had an esthetic, or even moral, right to eat onions on his wedding day. Besides, the two found out at that minute something they had never known before about each other's tempers."

Dolly and I laughed together over Alice and her queer honeymoon troubles, but Dolly sobered to remind me of the divorce that followed hard upon the onion episode.

I said I thought Alice was a silly girl to allow anything so insignificant to change her feeling for the man she was supposed to love.

"Ah, but that's just it," insisted Dolly. "The whole thing is that divorces are founded on trifles. If Alf had been really considerate he wouldn't have eaten the onions. What bothered Alice was not the onions themselves but what they stood for.

"The experience of Helen was similar. I don't think you know her. She is a beautiful woman, seemingly entirely cold and unromantic.

"You may imagine then my surprise when I met her somewhere after her final decree and she got to telling me how it all started.

"It seems that all the time she appeared so indifferent to men she was putting herself to sleep at night with imaginings of an ideal husband that she thought had come true in the flesh when she met Bill.

"She had pictured a dream honeymoon, too—a trip way off somewhere in the woods, where the two of them could be alone. Of course, being the type she was, she never gave Bill an inkling of how she felt. But I suppose she thought he ought to know instinctively, and she must have hoped he did when he finally told her that he had a surprise for her honeymoon.

"It wasn't until they were on the train that he said what the surprise was. When she heard it she wanted to put her head on somebody's shoulder and bawl like a baby, only she didn't want it to be his shoulder.

"His jolly little plan for the honeymoon was to visit his college town and round up all his old pals for a good drinking bout. At their first breakfast together they had thirty guests, all men. The men were as polite as could be to Bill's bride, but it was evident to her that she was one too many at the celebration, so she left them drinking her health and went for a walk alone. If she hadn't been too proud and too concerned about what people would say I suppose she would have picked up then and there and gone home to mother.

"It must have come over her with blinding force that her tastes would never match up with Bill's, and everything that happened afterward proved her first hunch was right.

"I remember that I tried to console her by telling her about Barbara, whose plight I thought much worse. Barbara's new husband also invited friends to breakfast, but the breakfast was paid for with Barbara's money! It wasn't that Arthur was a stingy sort, either. If Barbara needed money and Arthur had any he would turn his pockets inside out for her. The only trouble was he never had any.

"He began to borrow from Barbara before

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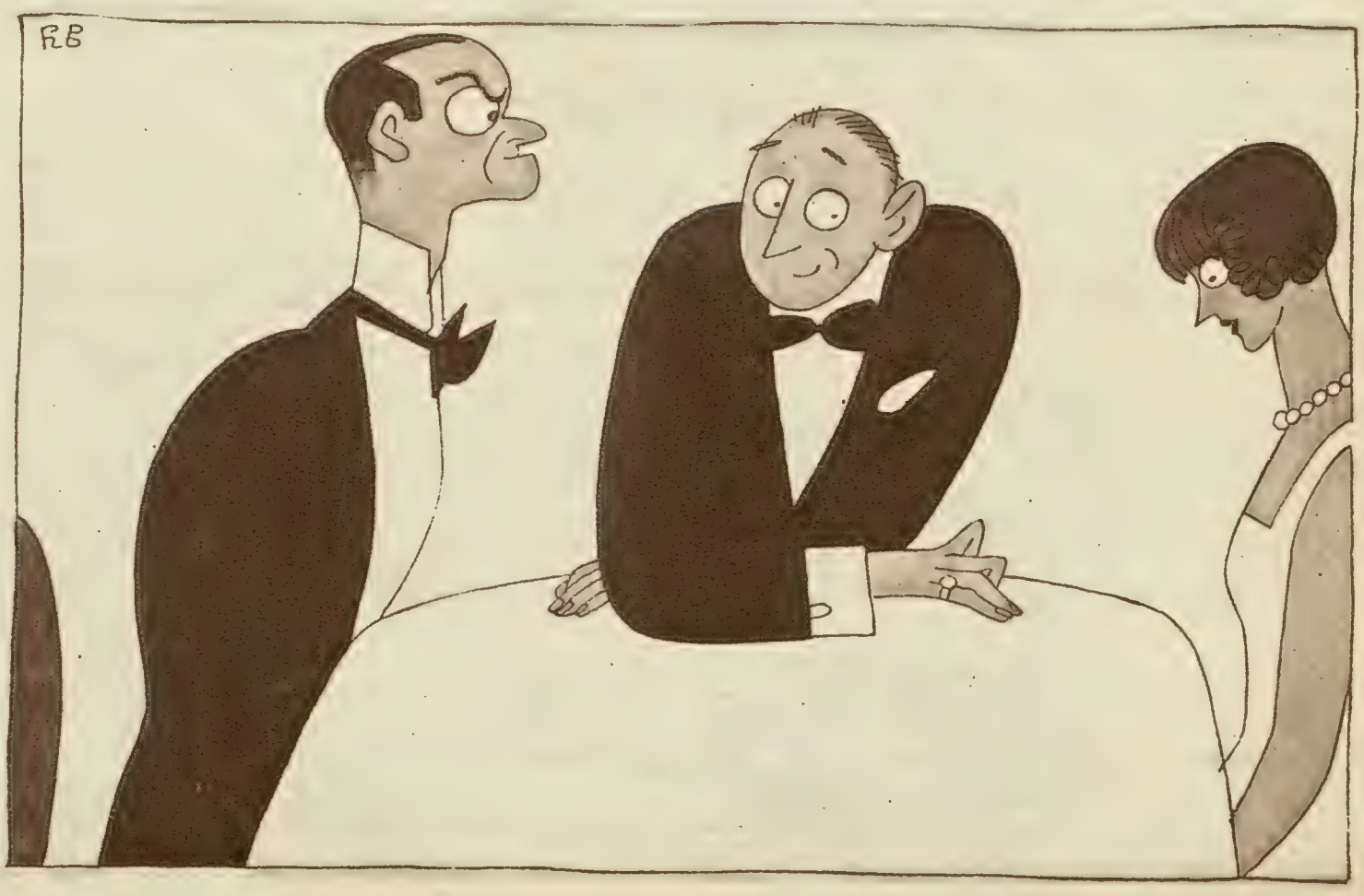
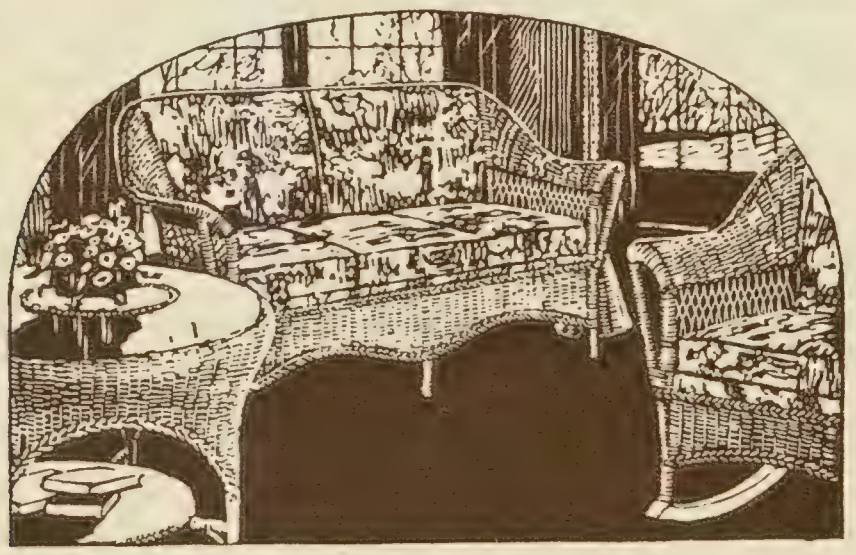


Clara and her husband dine with one of her old beaux.



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

their marriage was three hours old. He was always borrowing and always lending. He would hand out five or ten to this friend or that and never expect a return. The transaction was indeed forgotten by him as soon as the money left his hand. He regarded it as unfriendly to dun a creditor and it made him mad when Barbara tried to point out the need to plan for a rainy day.

"Barbara had been born in New England and felt actually disgusted by his 'spendthrift, shiftless ways,' as she called them. Their divorce decree didn't mention it, but the real cause for that piece of paper was his whisper two hours after their marriage, 'Say, Babs, could you slip me a fiver? 'Fraid I haven't got enough for the taxi!'"

"STILL," I remonstrated, ruefully, feeling that most of my ideals about love were being sent to the scrap heap, "still, Dolly, it seems to me that if a woman really loved a man she could forgive a little thing like that."

Dolly sighed, then laughed.

"But, haven't I told you," she cried, "that the little things are really the big things, because they show what a person really is? And it's the little things that men hide until after they are married.

"Besides, a girl has so many dreams and sometimes she creates a man in her mind who is scarcely human. But reality, when it comes, comes quickly. The idol is found to have the most clayish of feet.

"Like Sam. Bee Cotton used to say that Sam was the most lavish beau she ever had. All the girls in our town envied her. Sam used to send the most gorgeous flowers, and the most expensive candy.

"Yet on their honeymoon Sam turned out to be that worst of all sports, a stingy man who wants to make a good show in front of people. Their trip seemed to be planned on his usual magnificent scale, but it really wasn't. They had a drawing room, of course, since the whole town was at the train to see them leave. And, because they were part of his public, Sam tipped waiters and porters largely. But he suggested that his bride make a practice of eating only two meals a day, and his favorite economy was in matters like underthings that nobody sees.

"Of course, he never showed that side of himself to his sweetheart, but his wife got acquainted with it soon enough. Beaux, I tell you, are on their good behavior. If they were not they wouldn't get the girls. Even a very quarrelsome man manages to moderate his irritation when the girl he hopes to marry is near by.

"But marriage, as Betty used to put it, fixes all that. Betty, by the way, had quarrelsomeness put in her petition for separation from Ben. She was one who didn't stay married long and I don't blame her. The initial shock she got was when Ben snarled at the porter the first day out of Chicago on their way to California, and it wasn't many hours before the snarl was directed at her, either. After that it was turned in her direction most of the time."

"Well, I still think," I broke in, "that there are only two legitimate grounds for divorce. You had one of them, Dolly, and the other, to my mind, is jealousy in a husband."

"I shouldn't wonder," agreed Dolly, "but that jealousy is one of the world's greatest causes of marital splits. As a matter of fact, I have seen it work havoc in lots of lives. There was Clara for one. She went for her honeymoon to a nearby city and the first day met an old beau. There hadn't been anything between them for at least two years, but at one time they had been fond of each other. I think Harry knew about the affair, but I had never noticed that it seemed to worry him at all.

"Of course, Clara invited the former beau to call. He came and Harry sulked for three hours after the visit and refused to speak to his bride. When the other man invited Clara and Harry to dine Harry was almost insultingly rude. Clara tried to smooth the situation over as well as her disappointment and horror would let her, but the old suitor realized the truth and gracefully helped her out by getting called away on business.

"CLARA told me that Harry threatened to leave her if she ever saw the man again and words brought tears — blinding tears in one sense but 'seeing' tears in another. For the first time she really saw the man she had married and realized that she was bound to an exacting master.

"She tried to forget it, but the incident was the keynote of her entire married life. She was constantly called upon to give an account of her days. She was denied friendship with this girl or that for trivial and absurd reasons and all her men friends were condemned to exile.

"She resolved upon a childless marriage. It lasted seven years—then she was free. Husband love and mother love had been smothered in her by jealousy, yet she had married, hoping for both.

"The same thing happens to many women—and usually in the first few days of marriage. The truth is, we know the worst long before the honeymoon wanes. Possession of power shows up a man's weakness. Later, children come and family pride may enter in to cause a woman to make the best of a bad bargain. But the first hours of marriage tell the real story."

THE END

Merton of the Movies

As Reviewed by
Alva Taylor

Merton (Glenn Hunter) is going to get into the movies if he dies in the attempt. "Flips" (Viola Dana) has taken him under her wing, and is seeing to it that he doesn't starve while waiting for the part that will make him the world's greatest dramatic movie star.

WHEN Merton of the Movies comes to your neighborhood or home town, you'd better not let it pass you by, or you'll be missing one of the best pictures of the year. This couldn't very well help being a fine production. Harry Leon Wilson wrote a great book. The film follows it practically word for word. Glenn Hunter brought to life Mr. Wilson's character with magnificent realism on the stage. He put the same *Merton* on the screen. James Cruze is one of Hollywood's best directors. He directed the screen version of Merton of the Movies. Hence there's small wonder that this film ranks among the highest.

Merton of the Movies is a story which seems particularly suited to screen adaptation, more so than to the stage. It is a story of Hollywood, chiefly of Hollywood movie lots, so there is far greater opportunity to convey this in moving pictures than on a restricted stage, although it was well done in New York during its successful run.

The movie loses none of the delightful Wilson flavor because of its lack of the spoken word. What subtitles there are are either taken directly from the book or are inspired and influenced by the author's style.

As for the characterization of *Merton*, so skillful is Glenn Hunter with his facial expression, that the soul of the movie-struck hero is laid bare upon the screen without the spoken word.

For those who know nothing about the story, this explanation is offered. *Merton Gill* is a young clerk in a country store whose one aim in life is to go to Hollywood and do "bigger and better things" in the moving picture line. He schools himself in the great art of being a noble hero by snarling "you cur" into the ear of a dummy who advertises "rainproof raincoats or get your money back," which poor dummy has supposedly been playing the villain to the comely dummy advertising gowns at the astoundingly low price of $2.69.

Merton finally gets to Hollywood, but the directors fail to see in him a second John Barrymore or Valentino. Instead of becoming Hollywood's greatest dramatic artist, he turns out to be, by a trick played upon him by *Flips Montague*, the slap-stick comedy girl who mothers him, a howling success as a comedian, in the kind of a picture which Merton had pronounced degrading and debasing to the art of cinema. *Merton* thought he was acting in serious drama.

But without knowing it he was lampooning his screen idol so perfectly that his performance was the comedy hit of the season, and his services to the slap-stick company were at once worth three hundred dollars a week.

All of which was small comfort to the heartbroken young man who went to the preview to watch himself do the "bigger and better things" mentioned above, but who instead saw how he had been duped into playing the "debasing" rôle of a comedian.

The fact that he was a good comedian did not at the time take away the tragic significance of what had happened. Hopes and aspirations toward the career of a great movie tragedian were torn away with one cruel blow, as the audience at the preview howled and applauded with mirth at the antics of what they considered one of the best new comedians of the screen.

"Isn't he a scream!" the audience shouted. "Did you ever see anyone so funny?" If you don't understand how *Merton* could act his way through a picture and not know that it was a comedy, go and see for yourself how it was done. That is part of the fun.

At the time that the play was running in New York, Harold Lloyd told us that when he saw it he felt a personal twinge of sympathy. He had wanted to be a dramatic actor. Instead he is one of the world's greatest movie comedians.

Glenn Hunter plays this scene of disillusionment so convincingly that he causes many handkerchiefs to leave their hiding places. When he takes his troubles to *Flips*, and she tells him to "come to mother," and soothes his tortured soul, the pathos is far greater than the comedy.

Viola Dana, by the way, who plays the part of the girl who becomes the wife of *Merton*, and "his severest critic," does a fine piece of work in this picture. Viola is coming up in the world at a great rate. She used to play vivacious flapper parts, in which she wrinkled her nose, and stuck out her tongue in an impertinent little way, and didn't have to do a great deal more. These days she is turning out some commendable dramatic efforts.

We wish that there were just a few more moving pictures as good as *Merton of the Movies*. But it isn't often that you get a story as ideally suited to the screen as this one, or so happy a combination of all the ingredients that go to make a fine picture.

May there be more!

NEXT WEEK: *Circe the Enchantress, with Mae Murray*
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn.

ONCE AGAIN, THE PERFECT LOVER

BACK TO HIS OLD LOVE. Rudolph Valentino has run the gamut of roles, many of them misfit. Now he is back to the one his public likes best. In The Sainted Devil, his next release, he stalks across the screen, a sinister, fascinating South American bandit. The old devil-may-care Valentino is looking out at you from this page. Welcome back!

THE NEWEST FEAT OF DeMILLE

Director casts Vera Reynolds, a comparative unknown, in the leading rôle of Feet of Clay and thrusts a new star into the movie sky.

By Alva Taylor

NOW that Valentino is again in our midst, the fever to find substitutes for him has subsided. Ricardo Cortez, who rode in on that wave, got his big chance in Feet of Clay, and made good—a tribute to the directorial genius of Cecil DeMille. Jesse Lasky discovered Cortez dancing on a Hollywood floor. DeMille discovered an actor lurking in the dancer.

THE rise to fame of Rod La Rocque has been steady. Everybody likes to see Rod on the screen. To cast him in the lead is a good way to insure the success of your picture. DeMille thought so when he entrusted to him the difficult rôle of the crippled husband in Feet of Clay.

GROWN up with the movies, but heretofore unsung, Vera Reynolds scored an instant success when DeMille cast her in Feet of Clay in the absence of Leatrice Joy. Vera was first a movie child, then a flapper, then—but look at her hair. A regulation DeMille coiffure, badge of the movie grown-up. She will have the lead in DeMille's next film.

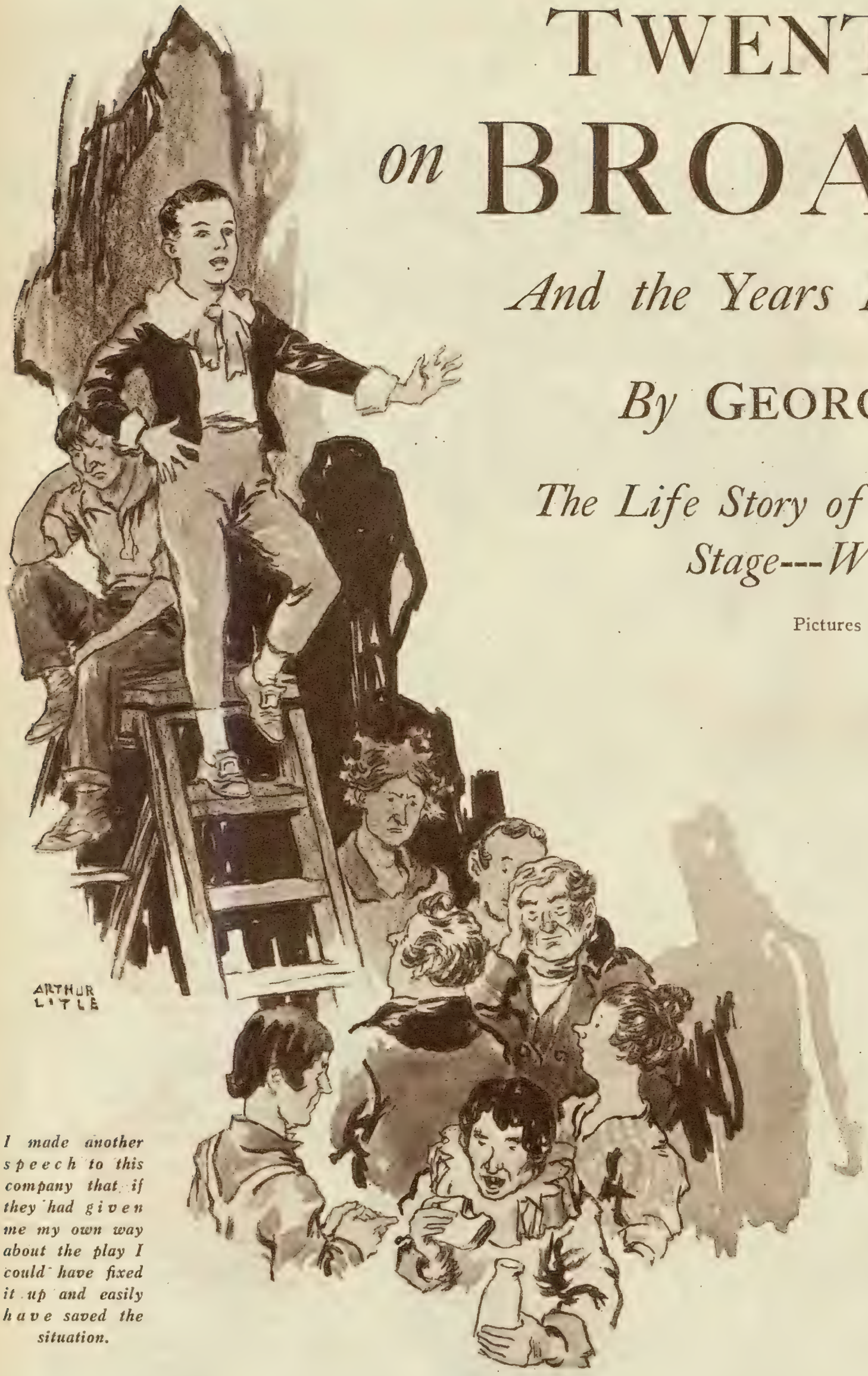
TWENTY YEARS *on* BROADWAY

And the Years It Took to Get There

By GEORGE M. COHAN

The Life Story of the Miracle Man of the Stage---Written by Himself

Pictures by ARTHUR LITLE



I made another speech to this company that if they had given me my own way about the play I could have fixed it up and easily have saved the situation.

START this anywhere. It's not a fiction serial with a plot, but a true record of a genius by a genius. Each installment is packed with laughs and human interest. Jump on board the Cohan Express right here! In the previous installment Mr. Cohan told how he was engaged for the juvenile lead in a play called April Fool. After being rehearsed in a certain conception of the rôle, he altered it to suit himself at the first performance, thereby driving Gus Williams, the star, almost to distraction. In this installment he resumes his absorbing narrative.

I'D like to whisper a word to the reader right here.

"If at times I appear to be boosting myself a little too much, I wish you would call my attention to the fact, because I wouldn't have you get the wrong idea of me for the world."

"Oh, that's all right," says the reader. "No apologies necessary."

"All right, if you feel that way about it, I'll go straight along."

WHEN Gus Williams handed us our two weeks' notice in Chillicothe, Ohio, (which was the outcome of a scrap I had with the gold-toothed stage manager), he spied me standing in front of the local Opera House and came over to me and said, "I want to thank you, young fellow, for a very pleasant season."

"What kind of a speech is that?" I pretended not to get him, but I understood all right.

"Listen to me, Georgie," he went on. "If ever you're lucky enough to have your own show, take my tip and never have anybody but full grown men in the cast."

"Now look here, Mr. Williams, you've got me all wrong." He tried to get away, but I followed him down the street. "I don't mean to be fresh," I argued. "I'll admit that I'm a little overbearing once in a while, but you've got to consider that I've had a great deal on my mind besides this part I've been playing. I've been sitting up night after night writing sketches and songs all season long. You people don't understand me at all. I'm a busy little guy, I am; my mind is working every minute. I try hard enough not to fly off the handle. I want to be pleasant and congenial like the average person, but my nerves are shot to pieces all the time. Letters and telegrams every hour in the day for a song here, or a sketch there, and checks and money orders to take care of, all the correspondence to clean up and a thousand other things to do.

"YOU know this salary you've been paying us means nothing in my life at all. Why, I earn more money in a day than you pay us in a week. You see, you ought to take all these

The Four Cohans in their vaudeville act, Running for Office, in 1897.
From the Albert Davis Collection.

things into consideration, and so should all the other people in the company, too. You know darned well I haven't got a swelled head. You know I'm too smart to get like that, but I've been under a great strain since I've been with this show."

"So have I, so has everybody else in the company," he went on. "There's one thing I'll say for you, Georgie; you've convinced me that capital punishment is an absolute necessity."

By this time we'd reached the hotel and he walked into the office and to the desk and asked for his key. Then he started for the elevator. I followed him.

"Will you listen to me for just a minute, please?" I said.

"I've been listening to you all season," he answered as he shook the key in my face, "and if you get in this elevator with me, so help me God, I'll grab the lever and run it right through the roof."

That was the last time he spoke to me until fifteen years later when we met in the lobby of the Knickerbocker Hotel in New York, where we played the scene all over again, much to the amusement of several friends of his, to whom he had introduced me.

CHAPTER XX.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

WHEN we closed with April Fool we were booked for a single week's engagement in Buffalo, on account of being old stock favorites in the town. This time it was at the Court Street Theater.

At the Monday morning music rehearsal a strange thing happened—a thing that, although purely accidental, eventually turned out to be the reason for my subsequent success as an eccentric dancer.

I had always done a dance in the four act to the tune of Coming Through the Rye. It was an old-fashioned "essence of old Virginia" dance. It had never taken especially well with the audiences, but was necessary to the act in order to give Josie a chance to make a change of costume.

I'd always claimed that the dance was all right but that the music killed it, so I asked the orchestra leader, that morning, if he could substitute some other tune for Coming Through the Rye.

"What kind of a dance is it?" he asked.

"An old-fashioned essence," I replied.

"I've got just the thing, but it's at home. I'll bring it around for the matinée."

"That'll be fine," I said.

When we got to the spot in the act for the dance at the matinée that afternoon, I gave the leader the cue and the orchestra started up the music (the new arrangement he had brought from his home). It was the weirdest melody I had ever heard, and the drummer accompanied the tune with a tom-tom effect, characteristic of the American Indian. I tried my best to get into the dance, but my sense of rhythm was keen enough to make me immediately realize that the thing broke time, and also that the piece did not carry an even number of bars. The melody continued, but instead of dancing I stood dead still in the center of the stage trying to figure out just why I couldn't do my "essence" steps to the music. It suddenly dawned on me that, instead of its being in six-eight time, to which I'd always done this particular dance, the thing they were playing was in two-four time.

Under ordinary circumstances I should probably have stopped the orchestra and requested Coming Through the Rye, but there were several theatrical friends of ours out front that afternoon, among them Lucy Daly

Louis C. Behman, of Hyde and Behman, George M. Cohan's first manager.
From the Albert Davis Collection

(now Mrs. Hap Ward) of the famous Daly family of dancers, and I was proud enough to want to prove to her that I could dance to any music ever composed.

A SUDDEN idea came to me—naturally I had to think very fast. Why not try some buck steps? I'd always used two-four melodies for bucking. No sooner thought of than done. I was into my old Lively Bootblack routine before I knew it, but without the spread of the jig sand and, besides, I was in a comedy make-up. The tempo was very slow, so, in order to make the steps fit, I had to drag them out more or less, and so exaggerated the thing by leaping from one side

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

of the stage to the other instead of sticking to the center.

The melody suggested comedy, so I made every move as eccentrically as I could. I did a jump with the scissors grinder step and threw my head back at the same time. It got a scream of laughter. I repeated this a moment later, and got a second big laugh. Every time I threw my head back my hair (which I wore exceptionally long at the time) would fly up and then down over my face and I'd brush it away and do another throw-back and up and down the hair would go again. I faked a couple of funny walks to fit in the spots where I had to eliminate certain steps on account of the slow tempo, and each of the walks got hearty laughs and rounds of applause. I finished with an eccentric walking step, throwing my head back with the hair flying all over my face, and made an exit with the end of the strain instead of ending with the old-fashioned break.

The dance was a sensational hit. Lucy Daly came running back stage after the act and went into ecstasies over the thing.

"That's the greatest eccentric dance ever done on any stage," she declared. It was a golden opinion, coming from her.

For twenty solid years I did this same dance to the same music, and this was the stunt which eventually not only revolutionized American buck dancing, but also set the hoofers to doing away with jig sand and letting their hair grow long enough to fall over their eyes.

The "Cohan style" they used to call it. But little did they guess that the thing was nothing more than an accident brought about by an orchestra playing a two-four melody instead of a six-eight.

BEFORE the following season was over I had risen from the ranks of the ordinary hoofers and had become known as a great eccentric dancer. I've told this incident merely to prove that a certain element of luck creeps into almost every success, especially in the theater world.

The expert hoofers used to laugh at the idea of anyone saying that I was a good dancer, while the song writers used to kid the life out of my songs. They tell a story about a buck dancer and a song writer talking me over in Union Square one day. The conversation ran as follows:

Hoofer—That guy Cohan can't dance.

Song Writer—Go on, what are you talking about? He's a great dancer.

Hoofer—He's nothing of the kind. He may be a good song writer, but that lets him out.

Song Writer—Well, I say he's a rotten song writer, but he's a great dancer.

Hoofer—What do you know about dancing?

Song Writer—What do you know about song writing?

They got into a fist fight, were arrested and fined ten dollars each.

I heard about this argument, and put an ad in the *Clipper* in which I claimed *I could dance better than any living song writer, and write a better song than any dancer on earth.*

They laid off of me after that.

CHAPTER XXI.

MY FIRST RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE.

WHEN we got back to New York in April (1896) we tried our luck with the variety agencies again, for engagements for the four act, but no, they were still of the opinion that Josie's "single" was the only thing we had to sell that was in demand.

"But Georgie put a new dance in the act that was the talk of Buffalo," explained Dad.

"Yes, but this is New York City. Buffalo is out in the woods," said Vion, the agent.

That had been my dope a few years previously, but they couldn't make me believe it at that moment. The four act was in great shape now, and I was dying to get a shot at a New York audience with the eccentric dance. But there were no variety dates in sight, so we looked about for a road show job.

We were signed to play four parts in a new farce comedy written by Frank Dumont, entitled On the Go., Charles A. Loder (another German dialect road star), who was the owner of the show, besides being the featured player, confessed to us, when the first salary night rolled around, that he was broke and that if the troupe was to continue its travels it would have to be done under a commonwealth arrangement.

Two weeks later the show stranded in Mannington, West Virginia, where I made a speech to the company that if the author had listened to my suggestions and hadn't been too vain to allow me to fix up the play, I could very easily have turned it into a huge success. They applauded and cheered me when I made this statement, but I found out years afterward that they were kidding.

A few weeks later we joined another road show headed by Lydia Yeamans Titus. We opened this troupe in Cleveland and, after a good week's business, the manager jumped out with the bank roll, so we once more went along on the commonwealth arrangement, and the following Saturday night in Tiffin, Ohio, we stranded again. The closing night I made another speech to this company that if they had given me my own way about the play I could have fixed it up and easily have saved the situation. More cheers, more applause—more kidding, too, as I discovered later on.

We came back to New York again and were engaged by still another road star, Edward M. Favor, to support him in a play written by Edith Sinclair (Mrs. Favor). It was a comedy called The Jester.

During the second week of the engagement Favor handed us our two weeks' notice and, as he did so, I heard him say to Dad:

"Jerry, I wouldn't put up with that kid of yours if this show depended on him. Take my advice, and put him on a school ship, or send him to jail. I don't care a damn what you do with him, but for Heaven's sake, take him away from me."

"I don't see why he's sore at me," I said to Dad, after listening to a long lecture on the mending of my ways. "I've certainly tried to be a regular fellow with him," I continued. "I even went so far as to offer to fix the play up free of charge."

"These people don't *want* their plays fixed up! What's the matter with you?" he yelled at me. "Will you, for the love of all that's good and sensible, get on to yourself and quit talking about changing people's plays?"

"You're not losing faith in me, are you, Dad?"

"Yes, I am," he returned. "I'm losing faith in your ever being anything but a pest." And to add strength to this statement, he slammed the lid of his trunk down with a smash and walked out of the room.

That night I started work on a new poem entitled:

ENCOURAGEMENT

The first few lines ran:

It was my father's belief in me
That led me to prosperity.

I figured I might need it in case Dad failed to cool down.

FOR the fourth time that year we journeyed back to New York, and, after a long stretch of idleness, arrived at the conclusion that, so far as the four act was concerned, it was a dead issue. It looked as though we were never going to get the chance to show it in the big city and my new eccentric dance was to go into the discard forever. We decided to let Josie go back to her single dancing specialty, Mother and Dad were to accept engagements for their sketches, and I was to stick to the writing game. This meant, of course, that I was through as trouper.

I announced to the gang in Union Square (and it was with a heavy heart, believe me) that, owing to the demands made upon my time in other directions, I had

decided to retire permanently from the stage.

"You mean you're not going to be a trouper any longer?" inquired a member of a trick bicycle family.

"That's precisely what I mean." I tried to smile as I asserted this.

"Gee! That's going to put an awful crimp in the show business," remarked a wise-cracking hoofer, standing near by.

The bunch had a good laugh at this, and I tried to toss it off in an indifferent manner, but I was hurt just the same, and, as soon as I could gracefully do so, I slipped away and walked through Irving Place.

"I wonder why he pulled that speech?" I juggled the thing around. "I wonder if I'm a ham. I started to sum myself up. "Maybe I've been a joke right along, without knowing it."

I wasn't sympathizing with myself at all; I was honestly trying to weigh things and figure out just where I stood.

"That's funny," I thought. "I always had the idea that I was a pretty good performer"—a little deeper thought, now. "But that guy would never have cracked a thing like that to a real trouper."

I took a bird's-eye view of all I had done on the stage—sort of a panoramic résumé of my trouping.

"Maybe he's right; I guess I'm a ham all right." And I began thinking harder than I ever had in all my life. After a half-hour's reflection on the matter, during which I stuck to the side streets where no one I knew would be likely to catch me doing battle with the tear drops, I started back to the boarding house for the sole purpose of sneaking off to my room where I could cry to my heart's content, and have the thing out with myself once and for all.

One point I had already absolutely decided upon. I was never going to walk on a stage again as long as I lived.

Two minutes later something happened. Yes, sir, something happened that c h a n g e d my i d e a s all around. Aladdin swung his lamp and the Cohan luck peeped over the wall.

As I opened the front door of the boarding house I heard Dad sing out, "Here he is now." I looked up and saw him flying down the stairs, followed by Mother and Josie, all three carrying hand luggage, advertising the fact that they were starting somewhere in a fearful hurry.

"We've been trying to locate you for an hour," continued Dad, as he pushed by me, reopened the front door and shooed us all out. "Come on, we've got to get over to Brooklyn as quickly as we can; we open there this afternoon in the four act."

"Zipp's Casino again?" I stopped to ask.

"Zipp's Casino nothing; Hyde and Behman's this time, my boy. Come on!" And the four of us started scooting toward the Third Avenue Elevated station at a mile a minute clip.

"Hyde and Behman's? Are you kidding, Dad?" I was out of breath trying to keep up with him, but was anxious to hear what it was all about.

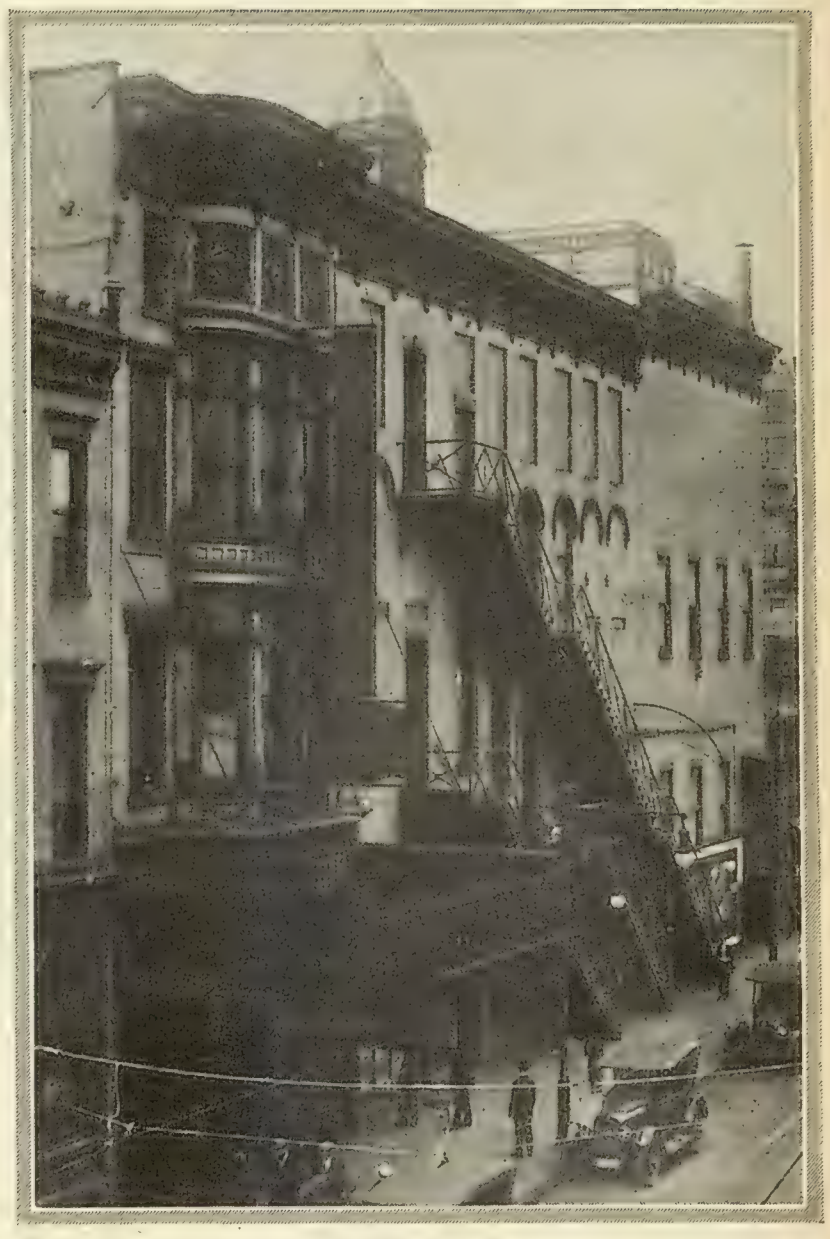
"Never mind; I'll explain later. We play Hyde and Behman's; that's good enough, ain't it?"

"How did it happen?" I whispered to Josie, as we sprang up the Elevated stairs two steps at a time.

She was too winded to answer. I grabbed Mother's a r m and helped her along. She was about all in.

"Here comes a train! H u r r y, let's make it!" shouted Dad, and we flew through the gate, out to the platform and aboard the express on our way to what proved to be the turning point in the family career.

I grabbed mother's arm and helped her along. She was about all in.



The old Hyde and Behman Theater at Adams Street and Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

CHAPTER XXII.

I BECOME A BUSINESS MANAGER.

ON the way to Brooklyn Dad explained to me that Filson and Errol (then one of the leading sketch teams of the country) had received word that morning that Mrs. Filson's mother, who lived in Chicago, had been taken dangerously ill and that they had been forced to cancel their engagement at Hyde and Behman's and start west.

It was their place in the bill we were being rushed into, and it was through the great friendship existing between Filson and Behman that the thing had been arranged. It was the first time in many a day that an act which had played an opposition house in Brooklyn had been booked at Hyde and Behman's.

Our case was a most unusual one, too, owing to the fact that we had been very closely identified with Zipp's. We realized this, and also knew that it would come as a great surprise to everybody around the theater.

Our reception wasn't any too cordial when we arrived there that day about thirty minutes before matinée time.

"Here come the beer hall favorites, now," we heard one of the performers remark as we walked in the stage door. We expected this sort of thing and were set for it.

On the way from New York we had agreed to let all side speeches and cutting remarks go by default, knowing in our hearts that if we were lucky enough to make good with the audience, all past performances would be quickly forgotten, and we'd take our place in the list of regular Hyde and Behman acts.

"The bill's been shifted around; you folks will have to hurry and dress. You open the show." This was the greeting from the stage manager.

"I thought we were in Filson and Errol's spot?" I put this to him very meekly.

"Never mind what you thought. I'm telling

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

you that you open the show. The orchestra's waiting downstairs in the music room to rehearse your stuff. You can just about make it if you hurry."

The four of us stood staring at one another in utter dismay. The thought flashed through my mind, "They're trying to get us to quit and walk out." Then a second flash, "Well, we'll fool them." I winked at Dad and Mother, gave the high sign to Josie, and then turned to the stage manager.

"All right, colonel, anything you say; you're the doctor."

WE ran downstairs, rehearsed the music, and then skipped to our dressing rooms as fast as we could. Dad and I had a hurried talk while we were making up and decided that we'd go through with the thing at all costs. The folks were astonished at my attitude in the matter, expecting, of course, that I'd fly up and refuse to play, but, for some unknown reason, I couldn't help thinking that it was all for the best. I kept saying to myself: "This is the best thing that ever happened. Everything's going to turn out all right." And subsequent events proved that I had the thing tabbed to a nicety.

"That's a tough spot they're handing you, kid," said George Reno, the contortionist, as I passed him in the hall on the way to the stage to arrange our side props.

"Oh, we don't mind. We're satisfied. We're tickled pink to be here. We'd rather open the show at Hyde and Behman's than be a star act at any other house." I said this loud enough for everybody back stage to hear.

I'd made up my mind that, as long as we were accepting the situation at all, to swallow it hook, line, and sinker. I discovered very quickly that these tactics brought about a pretty good result. Even the stage manager's high and mighty manner seemed to change.

"Anything we can do for you?" he inquired as I rushed about the stage, preparing things generally for the act.

"Not a thing in the world," I replied, "except to root for us, if you will. We know what it means to make good here. It's been the ambition of our lives to break in with Hyde and Behman."

"Well, go right after them. That's all you've got to do." And he slapped me on the back by way of encouragement.

I noticed out of the corner of my eye, that he had stopped and whispered to a group of stage hands, on his way to the first entrance, and, a moment later, they were all rushing about assisting me in every possible way, and seemed overanxious to do everything they could to get the act off to a good start.

The overture struck up and the four of us walked up and down the stage, as nervous as a quartet of amateurs at a strawberry festival. Not having played the act in some time, we kept muttering lines of dialogue and reminding each other of this or that piece of business, while Slafer's orchestra (which for years was one of the big features at Hyde and Behman's) blasted a selection from the opera of William Tell.

We were on edge—up on our toes—the biggest moment we had ever known. Hyde and Behman's at last! Everything depended on that first performance. While our great hopes of the future danced before our eyes, the music suddenly came to a stop and we heard a voice announcing in front of the drop curtain:

> Ladies and Gentlemen: Owing to sudden cancellation of Filson and Errol, there will be a change in the program. Number one has been shifted to number two, and as an added attraction The Four Cohans will open the bill.

To the great surprise of everybody concerned, a solid round of applause followed this announcement. Filson and Errol being particularly big favorites in Brooklyn we naturally looked for some sign of disapproval on the part of the audience.

"I guess they remember you from Zipp's," whispered one of the stage hands.

I was too flabbergasted to reply to this. I just stood there shaking from head to foot with genuine stage fright as the curtain rose to the opening music of our act.

GOGGLE'S DOLL HOUSE had always been a seventeen minute skit. We'd played it often enough to know the running time, but with laughs, encores, and extra calls, we were checked up for exactly twenty-six minutes at the matinée that day.

"Some hit, folks; some hit," the stage manager shouted over the applause as he waved us back to the stage for what he thought was to be our final call.

We started for our dressing rooms, Mother and Josie throwing their ams about Dad's neck and carrying on a kissing bee as we went. When I saw this I joined in the celebration by executing several buck steps that carried me to the back wall of the theater.

"That opening act murdered 'em," I heard a song and dance man say to his partner as they limbered up in one of the rear corners.

"You sure did lay them out and place lilies in their hands, Georgie," the property man yelled to me as he rushed by to prepare for the following act.

The applause continued—gallery cat calls—uniform stamping of feet. The orchestra kept

banging away at somebody's introduction music, but the obstinate audience seemed bent on having its own way about things, and the riot was on. We were all so overjoyed and excited that, without half knowing what we were doing, we continued on our way to the dressing rooms, and were climbing the stairs to the second landing in the outer hall, when the stage manager, out of breath and red in the face, rushed through the swinging doors and shouted at the top of his voice: "The Four Cohans, The Four Cohans—another bow, please. Quick as you can, please. Hurry; you're holding up this show!"

We rushed down the stairs, through the door, to the first entrance and on the stage, in front of the "scene in one" as they used to call the "close in" flats. The applause seemed to increase tenfold as we reappeared, walking hand in hand to the footlights to acknowledge this unusual demonstration by what was conceded to be the most exacting and sophisticated variety show audience in America.

"Speech! Speech!"

Nothing of this kind had ever happened to us before. I turned to Dad, expecting him to offer a few words of thanks, but he gave me a nod of the head, so I stepped to the edge of the footlights, raised my hand for quiet, and for the first time in my life said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: My mother thanks you, my father thanks you, my sister thanks you, and I thank you.

A howl of laughter followed this and then another rousing round of applause went up as we left the stage.

It was my first curtain speech, and got such a laugh that I never bothered writing any other for the twenty years that followed. The performers and stage hands crowded around us and gave us a little applause on their account.

EVERYBODY seemed as pleased as ourselves. "Nothing succeeds like success." I never got the real meaning of the old saying until that minute.

When we got to the outer hall again, after another four cornered kissing contest, we joined hands and did a triumphant ring-around-a-rosie before we climbed the stairs to the dressing rooms. The whole thing happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that no one realized at the time what a really big hit the act had made.

A few minutes later, while Dad and I were sitting on the edge of a trunk in our dressing room, laughing and congratulating each other, a knock came at the door.

"Come in," I called out.

A short, stocky, serious-looking man entered and introduced himself.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said. "My name is Henry Behman; I'm Lou Behman's brother [Lou Behman was the head of the firm]. He wants to see you folks in his office around the corner in the Park Theater Building as soon as you've washed up. If you want me to, I'll wait downstairs till you're dressed and show you the way there myself."

"We'll be with you in five minutes, Mr. Behman," said Dad, and we jumped up and started to dress for the street.

"What do you suppose he wants?" Dad whispered as Behman left the room.

"He doesn't want to fire us, that's a cinch." And I did a couple of buck steps over to the wash basin.

"It'll seem kind of foolish for the whole family to go traipsing into his office. Maybe he wants to see only one of us," Dad suggested.

"I think you're right, Dad. Perhaps it would be a better idea for you to see him alone."

"No," he hesitated. "I'd rather not go there alone."

"Well, then, supposing I go 'round and see what he wants?" I was aching for the chance.

"Would you mind doing that, Son?"

"I should say not; I'll be tickled to pieces." And I hurried all the more for fear he'd change his mind.

MY father was a very timid man and always seemed to me to have a holy horror of talking business, especially with theatrical managers. His quiet, gentle manner and the way they used to take advantage of his let-

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"Americans Make the Finest Husbands!"

Says Rebecca West,

REBECCA WEST

the talented English writer, in her article, *What I Think About American Men,* in next week's Liberty. "But Englishmen are better looking," she adds—and tells why. Don't miss this study of American men by one of England's keen observers—in our next issue.

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well-enough-alone way of going along were the things which taught me that aggressiveness was a very necessary quality in dealing with the boys who were out to accumulate the nickels and dimes.

"I think it's about time I took these business worries off of your mind, anyway, Dad," I remarked as I reached for my hat and headed for the door.

"I wish you could, Son," he answered with a smile.

"Yes? Well, it's done. I'm going to begin right now." And away I went.

Five minutes later I was sitting in the private office of L. C. Behman, the biggest high-class variety manager in the country.

"Of course, I'd heard of The Four Cohans," he was saying, "but I never knew till today that it was Jerry Cohan and his family that made up the quartet. I recognized your father, though, the minute he walked on the stage."

He offered me a cigar. I took it, but lit a cigaret.

"Why, say!" he went on, "if I had ever guessed who you folks were, I'd have booked you here long ago. I saw your Dad in a play called The Molly Maguires before you were born."

"You don't say." I was pretending to be perfectly at ease, but I was scared stiff.

"And the funny part of the whole thing is," he chuckled, "that he was my favorite actor."

"I'll tell him you said that, Mr. Behman." Through nervousness, I put the lighted end of the cigaret in my mouth, but never batted an eye.

"I want you to tell him that," he continued, "and I want you to tell him something else, too. Tell him the act you folks did this afternoon was one of the biggest hits that ever played the house."

"I'll be sitting in Rockefeller's office some day," I thought to myself when he pulled this.

"And if it's agreeable to you folks," he went on, "I'll bring you back here in three weeks' time and make you a headline attraction. What do you say?"

My first impulse was to leap over the desk that separated us and plant a little kiss on his brow, but, being a strictly business person (which I had so suddenly become), I tried to appear unconcerned and merely answered:

"All right, Mr. Behman, anything you say."

Then followed a short conversation, during which he told me all about the old-time performers that had played under his management. He pointed out various photographs of celebrities, such as Barry and Fay, Hallen and Hart, J. W. Kelly (The Rolling Mill Man), Ward and Vokes, and many others that adorned the walls of his office.

He offered me another cigar. I took it and lit another cigaret.

"Ask your father to run in and see me during the week. I'd like to say 'Hello' to him."

"You bet I will, Mr. Behman."

"Say, see here." He took a good look at me, now. "You're a pretty young man to be managing the business end of the act. How old are you, young fellow?"

"I'll be eighteen the Fourth of July," I proudly answered.

He smiled at this. "Born on the Fourth of July, eh? You ought to write a song about that."

"I will some day. Good-by, Mr. Behman."

"So long, Son."

I started through the door and he called me back.

"Oh, just a second," he said. "I forgot to tell you; I've changed that bill around for tonight's performance. You folks will be on fourth."

"Thanks, Mr. Behman."

AND I hurried back to the theater, where the folks were waiting, and reported that I had arranged return bookings in three weeks with the thorough understanding that we were to headline the bill. I had fought for a better spot on the current program and had succeeded, after a long argument, in being placed fourth, the star position.

"I told him all about you, Dad," I raved on, "and when I mentioned The Molly Maguires he spoke up and said he remembered you very well. I told him I'd bring you around during the week to say 'Hello'."

The three of them stood staring at me.

"Well, I hope you folks are satisfied now that I'm a pretty good business man." I was looking for compliments and I got them. Dad shook hands with me. Mother and Josie kissed me, and we celebrated the happy event with a turkey dinner, between matinée and night, in Brooklyn's most fashionable restaurant, where it was decided very definitely that, from then on, I was to be the sole business representative and managing director of The Four Cohans.

"I slammed the door closed, leaned against the make-up shelf, and burst into tears." That's what George M. Cohan did just before the curtain went up on the show he'd written, produced, and staged. He tells about this exciting episode and about the triumphs that came his way, at last, in the seventh installment. It's in next week's issue.

The STOOL PIGEON

By G. S. DOUGHERTY
Former Deputy Police Commissioner and Chief of Detectives of New York City

Pictures by
R. E. JOHNSTON

He had been lured to the roof and coldly knocked off.

THE Detective Who Solved New York's Famous Rosenthal Murder Mystery Tells How a Professional Informer Discovered the Slayers—With Inside Tips on How the Police and Stool Pigeons Work Together

HE WAS probably one of the most industrious and ambitious of his kind. He had been a gratifying model of punctuality, a diligent, intelligent stool pigeon of rare resourcefulness. It follows that he was of great value to the police department.

One day he failed to keep his regular rendezvous with us. More days went by, and we decided to search for him. We looked first in the morgue, a perfectly natural deduction under the circumstances. We were right.

The record had it that his body had been found in the yard of an apartment house, into which "he had accidentally fallen from the roof, nine stories above." That was all. How he had come to be on that apartment house roof was not a part of the report.

But there was no doubt in my mind. He had been lured to the roof and coldly knocked off. His body was crushed upon the flags nine stories below. Whoever did it made sure that the victim shouldn't live to talk to another police official. They had caught him at his trade, and he paid the detected stool pigeon's penalty.

In time I verified my suspicions. That is precisely how he came to his end.

I am writing of one of the ancient professions—that of the stool pigeon, the man or woman who makes his livelihood by keeping the police informed of the activities of the criminal, to which class he, of necessity, belongs by association, if not actual participation.

He existed and operated ten thousand years ago; he will continue to be ten thousand years hence. He may be known by another name, but he will still be a definite factor in the war between the police and the criminal.

How often have you seen an erstwhile crime solved and the criminals apprehended and paused to marvel at such a remarkable solution of the crime, the tenacity of the detectives, the intelligence of the police.

How seldom have you understood the reason for the "big break" (I use police parlance)—the stool pigeon.

And when it is revealed that it was his work, how bitterly he is condemned, not only by the so-called underworld but by the semi-honest public; yet he is a most useful figure in crime investigation. There have been times when his work has been so all-important as to be classified as indispensable.

To the average citizen he is the most loathsome of creatures. The world loathes the informer. To the criminal he is—I use the word despicable, for want of an adequate one. Luckily, his identity seldom is known. Otherwise he is soon disposed of by his enemies.

He is, I repeat, of necessity a crook himself or the associate of criminals. The thief calls him a peacher or snitch; in England he is a nark. The reports of the detectives to their superiors have him "the informant." He is the stool pigeon.

Before I go into his psychology, his methods, and further analysis of the genus stool pigeon, let me show him at work.

Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, was murdered in New York in 1912. Police Lieutenant Charles Becker and four gangsters—Gyp the Blood, Whitey Louis, Dago Frank, and Lefty Louis—were electrocuted. I was

then the chief of the New York City detectives, and my first move was to sow the city with stool pigeons.

I was justified by results. The arrest of Lefty and Gyp was accomplished through following the reports of one stool pigeon, an intimate of the families of both men. He was "my man," chosen by me, responsible only to me, and he talked to no official except me and one of the detectives in my department.

He was close to everyone implicated in the Rosenthal murder, and so adroitly did he work that he was never suspected. The detectives, apparently through their own efforts, arrested Harry Vallon, Bridgie Webber, Dago Frank, and Whitey. The names of these men had been supplied by this stool pigeon of mine. Jack Rose—Bald Jack—surrendered himself. Another member of the conspiracy was found in Hot Springs, Arkansas, through information furnished by District Attorney Whitman; and all this came to pass within a few weeks following the murder—even the arrest and indictment of Becker.

But we had no clew to the whereabouts of Gyp and Lefty. Frank and Whitey never confessed; the other accomplices did not know where Gyp and Lefty were. A great rivalry enlivened the hue and cry, the district attorney, the police department, and the newspapers racing toward the one end—the arrest of the two missing gunmen.

The district attorney offered a reward of five thousand dollars each for the absent gangsters, stipulating that policemen were not eligible to the reward. The newspapers offered large financial compensation for the sought for information, several of them insinuating that the police were not trying and would never find the outlaws.

If my stool pigeon had been disloyal, he might have earned the district attorney's ten thousand dollars, because he turned up Gyp and Lefty. He and I discussed the matter, and he assured me of his intention to stick to the police. We met every day, sometimes twice a day, often after midnight.

DOWN on the East Side in the ghetto, lived the attractive wives of Lefty and Gyp. They were sophisticated women, wise in the ways of their husbands' world and not to be deceived by clever work. Rather, they were to be hoodwinked by what seemed to them crude detective operations which allayed such suspicions as they might have had of the real line I had upon them through this deft stool pigeon of mine.

Openly, almost blunderingly, the detectives shadowed them, to be laughed at by the girls, who gloated over their frequent successes in evading my men. A feeling of great security came over the women, who grew confidential with the stool pigeon, and little by little they unconsciously betrayed the hiding place of their men.

I speak of this stool pigeon as "he." To this day the wives of Lefty and Gyp have no suspicion of "his" identity, although Heaven knows they must have wracked their brains over it. And I shall continue to refer to "he," although it might have been a clever woman, and not a man, after all.

At first the women told my informant that they could telephone their husbands without detection. That started it. The wives were being advised by crafty lawyers. The women themselves had the cunning of their class. Their underworld associates were keeping them posted and advising them to eternal vigilance and rigorous reticence.

Then one day they told my stool pigeon how comfortable the fugitives were.

"From the bedroom window every night they can see an open air movie show," one of them said.

A couple of days later: "There are a lot of foreigners near where they are—Swedes or Dutch people—on small garden farms."

A little later: "Out of the city. Not far from the city. We could talk to them on the phone if we wanted to, but we don't."

Day by day my stool pigeon relayed these words to me. Day after day men searched localities which might be described as the women had told of the hiding place. A thousand rumors were run down; a thousand men and women interviewed. Some did not know that their interviewers were detectives. Day by day we seemed to draw nearer the two fugitives.

And then: "There is a hand laundry near where they are. . . ."

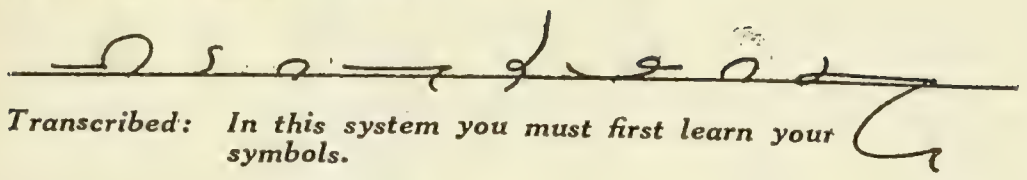
Have you ever noticed how anxious a woman is to reveal a secret? These two young women were telling nearly everything they knew for the sake of showing how brilliant they were. Our old friend Vanity was doing much for the cause.

They were good-looking girls, one a blonde,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

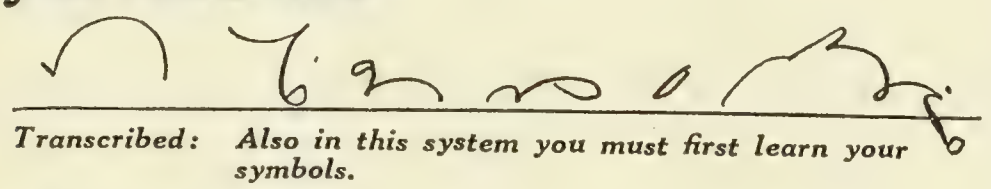
Not infrequently the "smart skirt" plays an important role.

Can you read this?



Transcribed: In this system you must first learn your symbols.

Can you read this?



Transcribed: Also in this system you must first learn your symbols.

Now *read this*—

n spdrig u no u smbs nw

Transcribed: In SPEEDWRITING you know your symbols now.

The last line is ***Speedwriting,*** a remarkable new system that places a natural shorthand within reach of all.

Now everybody can write with the speed of thought by this new, easy way—just your ordinary letters written with pen, pencil or on the typewriter.

Everybody in the business and professional world needs shorthand because it saves 70% of work, time, and effort. Time is money. Time-saving means success. Shorthand is a business tool, not alone for the commercial stenographer, but for the typist, executive, professional man, writer, news reporter, and student.

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Few in the business world, however, can do this, because they cannot spend the hours of laborious study needed to master the usual shorthand systems. ***Speedwriting*** makes this unnecessary.

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The answer is simple. The symbols of conventional shorthand are entirely unfamiliar. Hundreds of them must be memorized for efficient work. The strokes must be drawn with absolute accuracy or they add to your confusion—your notes become worse than useless.

The further experience Miss Dearborn had in training the world's champions in machine shorthand opened her eyes to the value of the plain letters of the alphabet for shorthand use, instead of the unfamiliar hooks and curves usually identified with shorthand. The work of these operators, in competition with the world's champion writers of conventional shorthand, proved that those who use the ordinary letters for shorthand characters, had a tremendous advantage. They simply put to work in writing shorthand the natural habit of writing their letters, established by a lifetime of use.

Miss Emma Dearborn

In *SPEEDWRITING* your A B C's form a natural shorthand.

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th lsou hw ezts tlrn hw ezts tri a hw ezts tred. tmab rin o t tipRi or w pnsl asu!k.

(This will show you how easy it is to learn, how easy it is to write, and how easy it is to read. It may be written on the typewriter, or with pencil as you like.)

Do you see? We do not sound all our letters in ordinary speech. We just hear and understand outstanding sounds. These are the only ones written in *Speedwriting*, made accurate by a few clear principles. This is why *Speedwriting* is easy to learn and write.

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BRIEF ENGLISH SYSTEMS, INC., 3 Madison Ave., New York.
☐ I would like to give *SPEEDWRITING* a trial. Enclosed find $5 in payment of the first two of the twelve books comprising the course. If I do not find that *SPEEDWRITING* meets my real need, I will return the books within five days and you are to refund my money. Write money order or check payable to Brief English Systems, Incorporated.
☐ Simply send me free booklet describing *SPEEDWRITING*.
My present work is..... Age.....
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
L-12

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

the other a brunette. They had a certain charm; they were captivating, vivacious, fascinating. Nothing could be more natural than that their husbands should want to communicate with them and meet them; and they did meet them; and we, the police, knew it, but could not tell where or when.

"There is a hand laundry near where they are."

THE late Frank Cassassa, than whom no more clever detective ever lived, went to Forest Hills, Long Island, with this latest bit of intelligence.

"Might you know of another laundry out this way with an open air movie show back of it and near which a lot of Hollanders or Swedes do truck farming?" he asked a laundryman.

"Why, yes, I do," was the reply. "Over there, near that church steeple" (nearly two miles away), "there is a new laundry and an open air picture show."

That was the place. Gyp and Lefty were there. My stool pigeon collected no part of the ten thousand dollars reward. I paid him about one thousand dollars drawn from funds we maintained for that purpose. He was glad to have proved his loyalty to me. He liked himself for his intelligent service.

The development of the stool pigeon is as interesting as it is little known. Criminals are a vain, selfish, jealous lot, as are so-called honest people. The making of a stool pigeon is a varying process. He may turn informer or snitch for revenge. A former partner has, he suspects, double-crossed him; held out a part of the proceeds of the haul. He retaliates by writing anonymously to the police, giving them the details of the robbery and the name of the man upon whom he would be revenged. The average anonymous letter writer is a candidate for the psychopathic clinic, although now and then their letters are very valuable to us.

One thief envies the success of another and informs on him to eliminate him. Often a criminal will extricate himself from a mighty tight fix by turning stool pigeon. Again, he, full of desdain at the ineffectual efforts of the police quickly to dissect and analyze a crime, will turn up the perpetrators if they be his enemies.

Not infrequently the "smart skirt" plays an important rôle. These women of the underworld are often most astute. She is, let us assume, all that the crook desires in womankind. She is witty, a good looker, a swell dresser, game, full of pep, a fancy "hoofer," capable of drinking her share without getting drunk, and as true as the Damascus blade to her lover.

If, perchance, she transfers her affections to another, then the real double-crossing begins. And here we see an example of an excellent rule working both ways. Let her be peached upon, and she unwittingly becomes a stool pigeon to get even. You cannot know, of course, how many useful stool pigeons have been developed by revenge, envy, and hatred born of this twain.

There are types of criminals who turn informer to curry favor with the officials, to protect themselves and to gain certain considerations and privileges. The smartest is he who works for stipulated compensation, agreeing to consort with the criminals, report crimes done or contemplated, tell who receives the loot (the fence), how much was paid for it, reveal the hangout of the crooks and who is protecting them. This type reports also the arrival of criminals from other cities.

The anonymous peacher is quite numerous. For example, in the days when gambling flourished in New York and the other larger cities a successful gambler wrote letters about his more successful competitor, urging that the latter, a menace to the community, should be raided and put out of business.

Such letters usually reveal the type of the author in that he will have shown himself altogether too familiar with his subject and possessed of too much detail to be the "Good Citizen" he subscribes himself.

Similarly the old-time brothel proprietor, seeking to ruin her competitor's establishment, signed herself "A Heartbroken Mother," whose son or daughter found ruin in the designated place.

POLICE departments are provided with special funds from which stool pigeons are paid; from which moneys are drawn to pay for information acquired from any source. Occasionally a thief or other underworld character will actually bargain with the police for the sale of information he or she professes to have. Naturally no purchase is made blindly; the goods must be displayed and subjected to expert assay before accepted.

To withhold knowledge of crime from the police is in itself a violation of the law, but it is poor judgment and a questionable policy to make a prisoner of the tipster. In the pre-prohibition days the barkeeps in saloons frequented by criminals were exceedingly useful to the police.

But I would be misleading you were I not to indicate the defects in the stool pigeon system. It is entirely possible that the informant will himself engage in crime or, in the interests of his job, instigate crime. He cannot successfully continue his association with criminals without taking a hand in crime. Nothing would cast sus-

picion upon him quicker than his own consistent virtue.

I recall an important jewel robbery where a stool pigeon peached on the perpetrator and then stole the loot from the thief and offered to salvage the jewels for a fair consideration. While he was thus negotiating with the authorities the crook from whom he had stolen the stuff stole it back again, vowing to get square with the man who had robbed him.

He did not know that the man who had stolen his loot was a stool pigeon, but he was arrested on the information we had received and straightway he proceeded to tell how he had stolen the stuff, who had stolen it from him, and how he stole it back again. Thus we came to realize that this stool pigeon was not to be trusted by us any more than by his fellow crooks.

Such incidents or variations thereof are not uncommon. A thief will rob a thief or blackmail him on the theory (if, indeed, he should avail himself of an excuse) that his victim cannot possibly complain to the police. Of such material are stool pigeons often created.

There was a disconcertingly successful forger who always carried a large wallet in which were check models, partially forged checks, and other paraphernalia of his calling. He was overfond of alcohol, but, in his own opinion, he "always kept his head."

A stool pigeon not only relieved him of this wallet and its contents, but substituted therefor a duplicate of the container, and after fetching his capture to us for examination, restored it to its owner without the latter's knowledge and retrieved the bogus wallet. A clever man.

IT is not unnatural that the vast majority of the public should look upon the snitch—he who will sell out those who trust him—as a coward, but usually he is quite the opposite. Frequently he is courageous, fearless, and industrious. The professional stool pigeon who makes daily reports and is on a regular pay roll is far more reliable and trustworthy than the one who gives up his erstwhile pal for revenge or envy. And surely he is less dispicable than his weaker brother who squeals for favors.

The stool pigeon is a suspicious animal, distrustful. He does not want to sign pay rolls or indorse checks. He will study his man more carefully than a banker appraises a would-be customer. He has to. He must be sure that he is not going to be exposed, which means almost certain death—shot in the back, shoved in front of a subway train, or otherwise killed. The crook will not consider it a crime to destroy a stool pigeon, but he might hesitate long before murdering a policeman.

It is extremely difficult to place a stool pigeon within the criminal ranks of the Italians. The Sicilian is particularly difficult because of his clannishness. A greater obstacle, however, is the fear of the Italian of spying on his brethren. There is no nationality which despises the snitch more than the Italian. They will inspire fear in witnesses in court by giving the death sign, which may vary in expression.

I remember the murder of a number of Italians who were thus destroyed because they were suspected of snitching. In almost every instance the bodies of the informants were discovered in suburban sectors, hidden in heavy underbrush. Their tongues or hearts had been cut out.

It is next to impossible to convert a Chinese into a stool pigeon. In the first place he is all loyalty to his fellow Mongolians. During the recurrent wars between the Hip Sing and the Ong Leong tongs (societies) in the Chinese quarter in New York City we would have got nowhere without the stool pigeon.

Quite often, after one of these outbursts, we would have four to six Chinese corpses laid out in a row in the Elizabeth Street station and occasionally a couple of whites shot to death in the fray—accidentally or otherwise. Identification of these Celestials was difficult to begin with.

However, I managed, using money liberally, to induce several of the white wives of Chinese to perform the work of peachers. All of these women, experienced denizens of Chinatown, knew the sector, knew the Chinese, understood the feuds.

A Chinese suspected of being a peacher is punished according to the Gilbert and Sullivan code—"let the punishment fit the crime." He is permitted to live—and suffer. He may not eat with his fellow countrymen; he may not sleep with them; he may not talk to them. In so far as his countrymen can manage it, he is never spoken to in his own tongue. His degradation is spread to all Chinese colonies in all parts of the country. The man without a country.

The Chinese are as clever in crime as Bret Harte would have had us believe—that is, when they take to crime. They are neither better nor worse, morally, than other races as a whole. Their percentage of honest men and women is probably quite as high as it is with us Caucasians—maybe higher, for that matter. I am dealing with the criminal only.

I have never known a Chinese to confess to a crime. I spent years observing New York City's Chinatown and noted little crime aside from that incidental to these tong warfares which were inspired by greed and gambling. Opium smoking was, to be sure, regarded as crime, but I found that this national dissipation was responsible for less related crime than whisky drinking was among other nationalities.

THE END

"THE SHERLOCK HOLMES OF AMERICA"

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE gave George S. Dougherty that name on one of the latter's visits to Europe. On this same visit Dougherty solved a mystery case for Trettin the Great of Germany in two days. It was in this same case he added to the list of his professions the title of art collector. He recovered paintings valued at $2,000,000, which he later sold in this country. Besides this, Dougherty has been a newspaper man and oil magnate. He is a great student of human nature.

While serving as deputy police commissioner of New York he commanded the detective division with distinction. He traveled in Europe and studied police conditions there. Upon his return he told reporters that he had noticed that the women of other countries did not compare with America's; that no other country staged a play as well as we could. No phase of life escaped his observation.

There is no man better fitted to write on crime.

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

Not a Guest, Only a Cousin

Betty had her cousin, Helen, over to play with her dolls and doll house and let her play with several dolls, but one large one she kept herself. Helen, after a while, wanted this large one and began to cry for it.

Betty's mother said, "Now, Betty, be a good girl and let her have it. Remember, Helen is your guest."

Betty thought a moment and then said, "Oh, no, mother, Helen isn't my guest, she's only my cousin."—H. V. W., Kendall, N. Y.

* * *

Quite a Definition!

Paul, our three-year-old son, on seeing his first horseback rider ran to his mother and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, there went a man with his coat off hanging on a horse with no wagon tied to him."—H. B. P., Greensburg, Ind.

Sleepy "Thinks"

Annabelle's mother, who was having company, asked Annabelle, who had just entered school, to repeat a poem she had learned. Annabelle, who was tired from playing out of doors replied, "Oh, mother, I can't 'cause my thinks want to sleep."—V. W., Oak Park, Ill.

* * *

"What's the Use?"

LeRoy was coasting with his wagon. He hit a rut and fell off. He got up and looked all around, and not seeing anyone started down the street. An old gentleman who had seen the incident said to him, "LeRoy, why didn't you cry when you fell off the wagon?" LeRoy said, "What's the use when there's no one to hear me?"—A. H. B., Hoisington, Kas.

* * *

That's a New One, Anyway!

Dora draws exceptionally well for a child of six. A visitor one day asked the small artist how she did it. "Why," Dora replied, "I just think a think and draw a line around it."—C. G., Chicago.

"Hello, Grandma"

Tommy had overheard his mother say several times when she had had difficulty in getting a number on the telephone, "Oh, there's someone on the wire again!"

Tommy had frequently seen the men putting up new cables in front of his house.

One day before calling up his grandmother he ran first to look out of the window. Coming back he said, "Oh, I guess I can get her now, mother; there is no one on the wire."—H. R., Glenside, Pa.

* * *

Yes, What Is It?

Harriette, who had been gazing out of the window at the lightning during a storm, turned to her father and asked: "What is that light up on top of the air that goes off and on?"—Mrs. J. L. D., Gary, Ind.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 3

WHAT makes an

STRENGTH—Did You Say?

Least of the Five Necessary Qualif

By F

First—Determination.
Second—Perseverance.
Third—Co-ordination.
Fourth—Brains.
Fifth—Strength.

THESE, in their order of importance, are the qualities that lead to athletic achievement.

As natural qualifications you may reverse the order. But the first thing for which a coach looks in a candidate for athletic honors is not strength, but the determination to do. The strong, the brainy, the perfectly coördinated boy is not an athlete unless he possesses the determination and is willing to persevere. And the greatest athletes are not the strongest nor the smartest at the start. The coach seeking to develop either football, a track, a baseball, or any other athlet team seeks first the boys who are determined to ma good—not the husky, heavy, or fast ma He knows that all the strength, speed, a weight in the world are not the decidi qualifications unless the man possesses d termination. If he is determined it follo that he will persevere.

BY determination is meant that quali found in every great athlete whi enables him by sheer force of will to the seemingly impossible when the occasi demands. This quality enables a boy do his best work when good work is mo needed.

One of the greatest examples of this d termination that has come to my attenti is that of a young high school boy I kne He decided to become a pole vaulter. In h second year of practice it appeared that might be a fair performer, but nothing wo derful. He practiced faithfully, but could never get higher than ten feet s inches.

Finally the day arrived when this b team met its hardest rival.

There were only two left in the pole vau the boy I speak of and one from the oth team. The score was close. Every possib point counted.

The bar stood at eleven feet, six inch higher than this boy had ever vaulted. B he was brave. He said to himself, "I mu get over," and he did.

This was only the beginning. Althoug occasionally after this the boy cleared eleve feet in practice, never did he go higher unt later in the year, when he was entered in th sectional and state meets. In these meet our boy cleared eleven feet six inches an eleven feet nine inches, respectively!

Every great athlete must have this abilit through determination to summon all his strength and energy when it is mos needed.

Perseverance is the quality necessary t perfect form and consistency. It is ver easy to watch a great athlete perform an say to one's self, "Doesn't that fellow ha great form? I wish I could do that." B it takes more than wishing.

Harry Kipke, captain of Michigan's 192 championship football team, is perhaps th most valuable punter the game has eve known. This didn't just happen. Kipke ha

"Germany" Schultz, who by persistent effort made himself one of football's greatest centers.
P. & A. Photo

Harry Kipke, who trained from boyhood to make himself a great punter.
P. & A. Photo

Willie Heston, unpromising at first, who made himself into one of the greatest all-around players in Michigan's history.
Photo © by Rentschler

HURRY-UP YOST, famous coach, names the five qualities necessary to make an athlete. Look them over. Do you possess these assets? If you do, you will be an All-American star in any line of endeavor. If you don't, try to develop them. You can—except, possibly, strength.

Supplementing Yost, Walter Camp says that the boy with a narrow chest is automatically dropped from football and other athletic squads, not because he cannot be cured and developed into a strong, athletic man, but because the coaches have not time to develop him. If he had started four years before entering college to develop his chest he might have been kept on the squad and developed himself into a great athlete.

The coaches know what material they want. Boys with athletic aspirations should begin early to develop the prime requisites.

ATHLETE?

RONG!—Strength Is the ons Given by This Expert

DING H. YOST

Director and Football Coach
e University of Michigan

Michigan's great football mentor—above, all dressed up as Mr. Fielding Harris Yost, and to the left in "working togs" as the "Hurry-up Yost" whose teams are respected and feared by all opponents.

etic ability by nature, but he became the e's greatest kicker by paying a price that few willing to pay.

pke's greatness was in his ability to place s exactly where he wanted them. This ability the result of hours upon hours of practice. e has practiced kicking footballs ever since as big enough to hold one. After he entered ge he took a ball with him during the vaca- periods, and each summer he found time to d from one to three hours each day in per- ng his ability to kick the ball just right and ntrol exactly its flight.

his is perseverance.

ne of the greatest examples of perseverance r knew was that of Schultz, who was, in my ion, the greatest center that ever played foot- Schultz came to the University of Michigan Fort Wayne, Indiana, and tried out for a tion at guard.

e did not make good at the start, but kept ging away, undiscouraged and evidently de- ined to make good.

ne center who was being used did not have racy or certainty, especially when under pres- and I commenced looking over the available ial on the squad and determined upon ltz. He showed steadiness, but he lacked ative at first. He was awkward, and he ed a lack of coördination. Possessing strength brains, he was lacking in coördination and in essiveness, which would appear to doom al- anyone to failure. Only his determination his persistence marked him as a man for the tion.

e acquired both aggressiveness and coördina- by continual, determined practice, overcame defects, and developed into the greatest cen- in my opinion, of all time.

LLIE HESTON, who, I believe, was another of the greatest of all time players, perhaps the remarkable open field runner and all round ball player who ever has worn Michigan colors, another result of determination plus perse- nce. Heston entered the law school of the versity of Michigan, coming from San José, fornia.

remember well that during the preliminary ning Keene Fitzpatrick, who was then our r—one of the best judges of men in the d and one of the most expert at conditioning etes—and I both failed to see any of the possi- ies that later developed in Heston. He had no er of endurance at that time. He tired very kly and was out of wind in a short time. But as one of those boys who grit their teeth and show that they are determined to overcome their shortcomings. He was an indefatigable worker and he acquired endurance and wind to a remarkable degree. In one season he was seemingly tireless and always possessed of reserve force enough to carry him through the extra yardage to victory.

COÖRDINATION of muscles, or, better, perhaps, quicker reaction time, as the psychologists would say, is of prime importance in all forms of athletics, but especially in football, basketball, baseball, and other such games that demand speed of movement. Laboratory experiments indicate that individuals vary greatly in the length of time that is required for a mental stimulus to be communicated to the muscles and transmitted into action.

The point is well illustrated by the two lines in a football game. Upon close observation it will be seen that two or three players almost invariably beat the others across the scrimmage line. They may not be able to move any faster, or even as fast, after all are started, but they will invariably get the jump on the others in the all-important initial charge. The movement of the ball is the signal to start, and it occurs at the same time for everyone, but it is sent to the muscles a fraction of a second faster in the one individual than in the other. This affords a tremendous advantage and is a quality indispensable to great athletes.

The other part of coördination is grace, or the ability to control one's parts smoothly and easily. This also is important.

Athletic brains and power of analysis must be added to determination and coördination before we have a really good athlete. The successful athlete is able to figure out his opponent. He knows what he is thinking and guesses his attack in advance. This kind of intelligence comes from careful study of the game and from careful analysis of the opponent. It is essential to success.

In most contests, if other things are equal, the stronger boy has an advantage. The factor of strength, however, is the least important of the five necessary qualities. If a boy can properly handle the strength he has, it is of more value than greater strength not fully under control.

THE coach, in selecting men for a varsity team, aims to secure the best competitive personnel possible. The coach who starts with a pair of scales and a measuring tape, or who selects men because they weigh so much or can execute certain strength tests, is beaten before he starts. Strength and weight are, of course, desirable, but they are not the first consideration.

The hardest thing is to find the boy who has mental and moral courage, the ability and the determination to do a thing well, and certain to do his best when the mental pressure is the greatest.

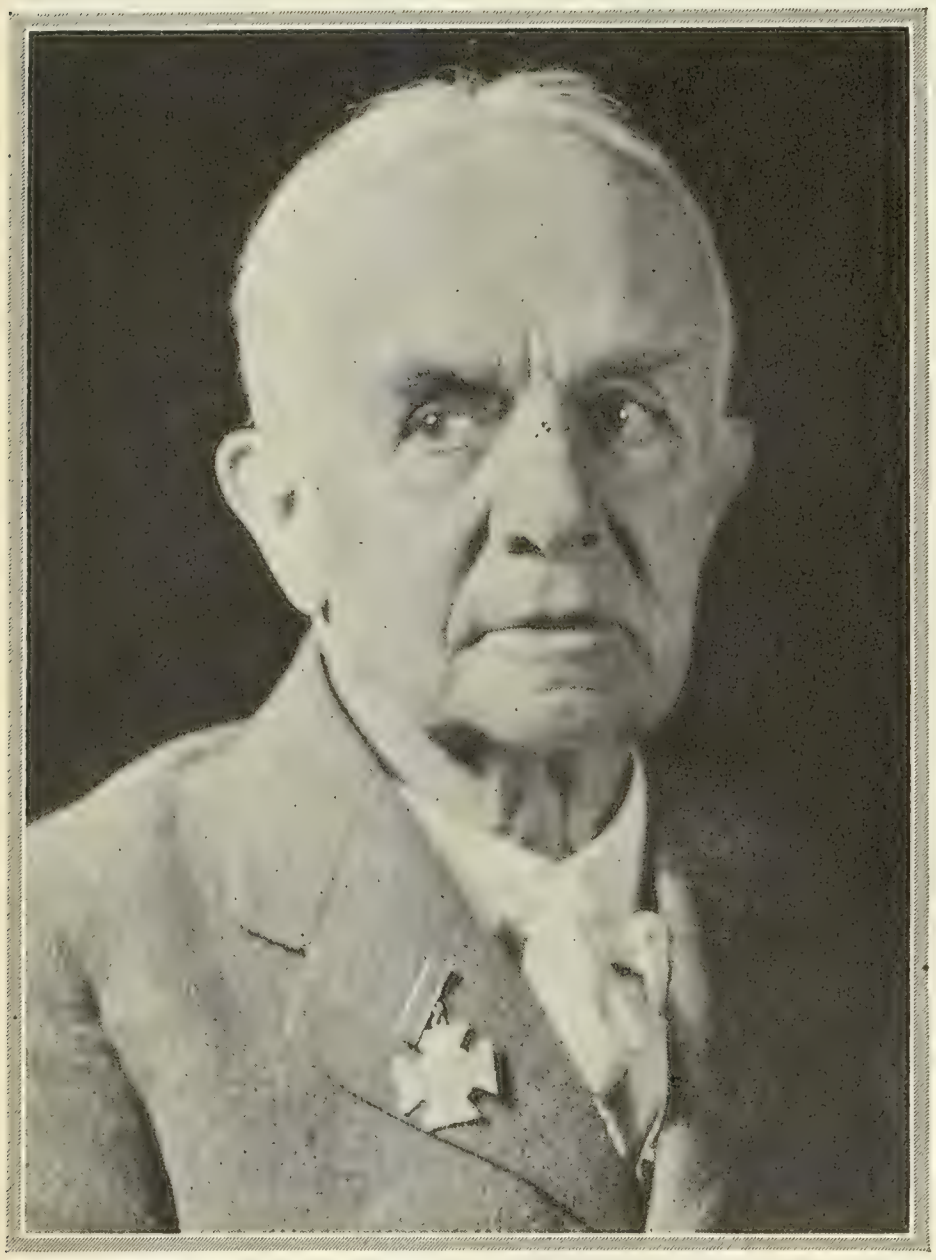
Any boy who possesses a fair degree of strength and athletic intelligence can make an athlete of himself if he has the perseverance to practice long and hard and the determination to fight all odds.

The middleweight or the lightweight need not despair. The records, even of football, show that some of the greatest players have been lightweights and some have been down in the bantamweight class.

It is impossible to weigh determination, grit, courage, and perseverance on the scale.

THE END

SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS



ARTHUR WELLS HAWKS (Sunshine Hawks)
Photo by John Weiss.

AN INTERVIEW with Sunshine Hawks, for Thirty-one Years a Lion of the Chautauqua, in Which Is Revealed, Incidentally, a New Version of Why Booth Shot Lincoln

Picture by R. B. FULLER

OTHERS have told you that John Wilkes Booth, after shooting Abraham Lincoln, did not leap to the stage of Ford's Theater shouting "Sic Semper Tyrannis."

Now comes Sunshine Hawks denying that Booth was motivated by a desire to help the cause of the Confederacy.

Sunshine Hawks says the irresponsible Booth shot the President to avenge John Yates Bell, a friend of the actor. His story has it that Bell was condemned to die as a traitor and spy and that Booth appealed to the President for clemency.

This version of the tragedy is to the effect that Abraham Lincoln, ever merciful, issued the order which was to save Bell's life, but that the order came too late. Bell was hanged while the President's message was on the way.

And then the mad Booth decided that President Lincoln had denied his plea.

Arthur Wells Hawks, seventy-seven years old, soldier of the Confederacy and for more than thirty years a star on the old Lyceum circuit and a headliner on the Chautauqua stages, knew Booth and Bell. He tells in this story of the John Brown raid and the hanging of that patriarchal zealot. He witnessed it.

He has traveled more than fifty thousand miles, in all sorts of weather, on stages, and before audiences which would have discouraged a crusader. He has talked three hundred times a year for thirty years and he is still Sunshine Hawks.

ARTHUR WELLS HAWKS slept peacefully in the flood light of the sun. The light beat upon his old face and glossed the thin white hair. It was a sing-song Sunday afternoon; the middle of summer in Maryland. A droning of sleepy insects in the air and plenty of fine dust from the turnpike.

The village itself was drowsing, now and then sighing lazily when a hot breeze bellied drawn shades or a motor car full of sports from Baltimore sailed through, bound for Annapolis or somewhere. A laugh from either end of the village rode clearly to the other end, so still was the air, and every waking person could hear Mis' Emmett's wheezy melodeon droning the Doxology—over and over, the Doxology.

The shade of the window under which Arthur Wells Hawks slept was drawn, but the sunlight managed to pour through beneath it and around its sides. And all of it, it seemed, bent itself to play effulgently upon the slight body and gnomish head, making the outside of him match the inside. They call him Sunshine Hawks.

For thirty-one years he lectured the people of these United States, talking about everything from John Brown's raid and execution, part of which he witnessed, to what he said to Vice President Tom Marshall and what Tom said to him on the occasion of the inglorious flight of the Hohenzollern family into Holland. He is seventy-seven years old.

Thirty-one years of all sorts of platforms and all sorts of folk in big towns and water-tank hamlets, traveling fifty thousand miles every year and appearing three hundred times before some audience or other every three hundred and sixty-five days. Folks? Thunderation! Old Sunshine knows them backward and forward, inside and out, at home and abroad. Folks are folks, no matter where you find them; some a little more shiny than others, that's all.

He awoke with a fly taking in the scenery from the summit of his blunt nose. Casually, as you'd flip a chip from your sleeve with your forefinger, he hastened the fly's departure. He glanced at me, at the clock, at the beating sun. He stretched his arms, rubbed his clear eyes, yawned, and slapped his chest. Finding everything good, he spoke:

"Well, thank God for that," he said.

And then the lecturer spoke. Or, rather, he delivered an oration. The questions I had prepared were not necessary. He asked my name, made me stand in the light that he might acquaint himself with the audience, and proceeded to deliver himself of a lecture which started nowhere in particular and ended where it started. In a few minutes I was caught by the old gentleman's fascination. My hope is that I can report him with such fidelity as can relay to you why they call him Sunshine Hawks.

"AFTER the war—the war between the States," he said, "we had in Charles Town, West Virginia, a lot of dramatic talent. There was George Saddler, who looked like Edwin Forrest and liked to play Richard. And there was George Henson, Dixie Webster, and Jim Davenport and me—all of us rival comedians.

"Great glory! Never will I forget the time we played The Sailor in France. All the prisoners escaped. I was the prisoners—sixteen of them. Used different clothes and wig for every escape. After I had escaped twelve times somebody away back in the hall yelled:

"'Arthur Hawks, git behind them scenes and stay there; we've seen all of you we feel called upon to stand. Git back there if you aim to leave this hall tonight.'

"Then we put on Hamlet. Had a boarded-in grave with dirt in it and at least a dozen skulls. I was the Second Grave Digger. I threw dirt in the First Grave Digger's eye and we went to it with our shovels, lambasting one another. I quit play acting after that.

"Bless you, that was a long time ago. Since then I've been all over the country—just talking about human nature and trying to be human. Don't know how much good I did, but reckon I haven't done any harm.

"One night in 1859 a free Negro came to my father's house in Waynesboro, Virginia, and said:

"'Cap'n Hawks, suh, hurry up and put on yo' uniform, 'cause some crazy man's down in Harper's Ferry sayin' he gwan resurrect all dead niggers. Please, suh, hurry, 'cause lots of us niggers has got two or three wifes buried over in the graveyard, and ef they comes to life, suh, they gwan be trouble.'

"I was a big boy, twelve years old then, and I went along with my father to Harper's Ferry to find that John Brown had barricaded himself in the arsenal. The government had sent twenty-five soldiers commanded by Lieutenant Robert E. Lee, and one of Lee's men was J. E. B. Stuart. Later on my father and I fought

# of SUNSHINE

By RICHARD ADAMS

with General Lee and General Stuart in the Confederate army.

"Well, after Lieutenant Lee and Jeb Stuart and the others battered in the doors and took John Brown over to Charles Town, I used to hang around the jail, listening to the news and watching John Brown, walking very erect, stalk from the jail to the courthouse to be tried.

"There was a Mr. Fred Blessing who kept a bakery in Charles Town, and he used to take fresh bread and cakes and rolls to Brown every day, and on the morning they took Brown out to hang him he gave Blessing his Bible. On the flyleaf of that Bible Brown wrote: 'This Bible is presented to Mr. Fred Blessing by John Brown on the morning of his execution as a slight return for his many kindnesses shown to me while in Charles Town jail.'

"Blessing died in the Confederate Army. Mrs. Blessing was very poor, and the man who held the mortgage on her house, by gracious, was about to foreclose and leave her without a roof. Regular old ten, twenty, thirty plot, hey?

"Well, the minister, the Rev. A. C. Hopkins, took that Bible and sold it to a man in Chicago for enough money to pay off the mortgage and have a little besides. Mr. Blessing certainly cast his bread upon the waters, hey?

"Now, let me tell you something, son. John Brown didn't kiss any Negro baby as they were leading him to the gallows. No, sir, he didn't. The Negroes weren't allowed on the streets that morning, and besides, I don't think John Brown wanted to kiss any Negro babies anyway. My father told me that I shouldn't go to that hanging, so I up and went. I saw John Brown walk up those steps and take his stand on that scaffold without a tremor.

"Standing right in front of the scaffold near me was Thomas Jonathan Jackson, afterward famous as General Stonewall Jackson. Governor Wise and his staff were there, and they were entertained in my father's house while they were in Charles Town.

"NOW listen to this, my boy. It was in my father's parlor that I met John Wilkes Booth. He was a great fop and very proud of himself. Used to recite the quarrel scene from Julius Cæsar, and we thought he was perfect as *Brutus*. Now, here's a story you haven't heard.

"While Booth was in our town he made the acquaintance of John Yates Bell, who, during the war, was captured and condemned to be hanged as a spy. Booth went to Abraham Lincoln and interceded for his friend Bell, and Mr. Lincoln promised to save Bell from the gallows.

"Abraham Lincoln was a merciful man, and no man appealed to him in an even half worthy cause in vain. He was willing to save Bell's life. He issued the order against Bell's execution. But Booth's appeal had come too late, and Bell was executed before the President could act. Booth vowed he'd avenge Bell, and I think it was due to this that he shot Mr. Lincoln."

Sunshine Hawks peered out of the window, made a few observations about the state of the nation, and, observing that Mis' Emmett's melodeon was not producing the Doxology, reckoned that the lady must have got dry and gone for a drink of water.

"I don't preach skittishness," he said, "and I'm for solemn thinking now and then as much as the next man; but folks are likely to take themselves too seriously if they ain't stirred up now and then. I went in for lecturing just naturally. Used to recite pieces in school and practice on my father. He was deaf.

"Away back in the days when I started lecturing there were a lot of good men in the business. Wonder what became of old Tom McNutting, who used to lecture all around Maryland? Then there were William Hall and the Maosha Sisters and Hugh, their father.

"I used to mix up my regular lectures with political speeches. Course I'm a Democrat, which is mighty convenient for a busy man. All a Democrat's got to do is to vote his ticket and then go on about his business, because he ain't got anything to worry about. He's licked before he starts; at least it was that way up until Cleveland.

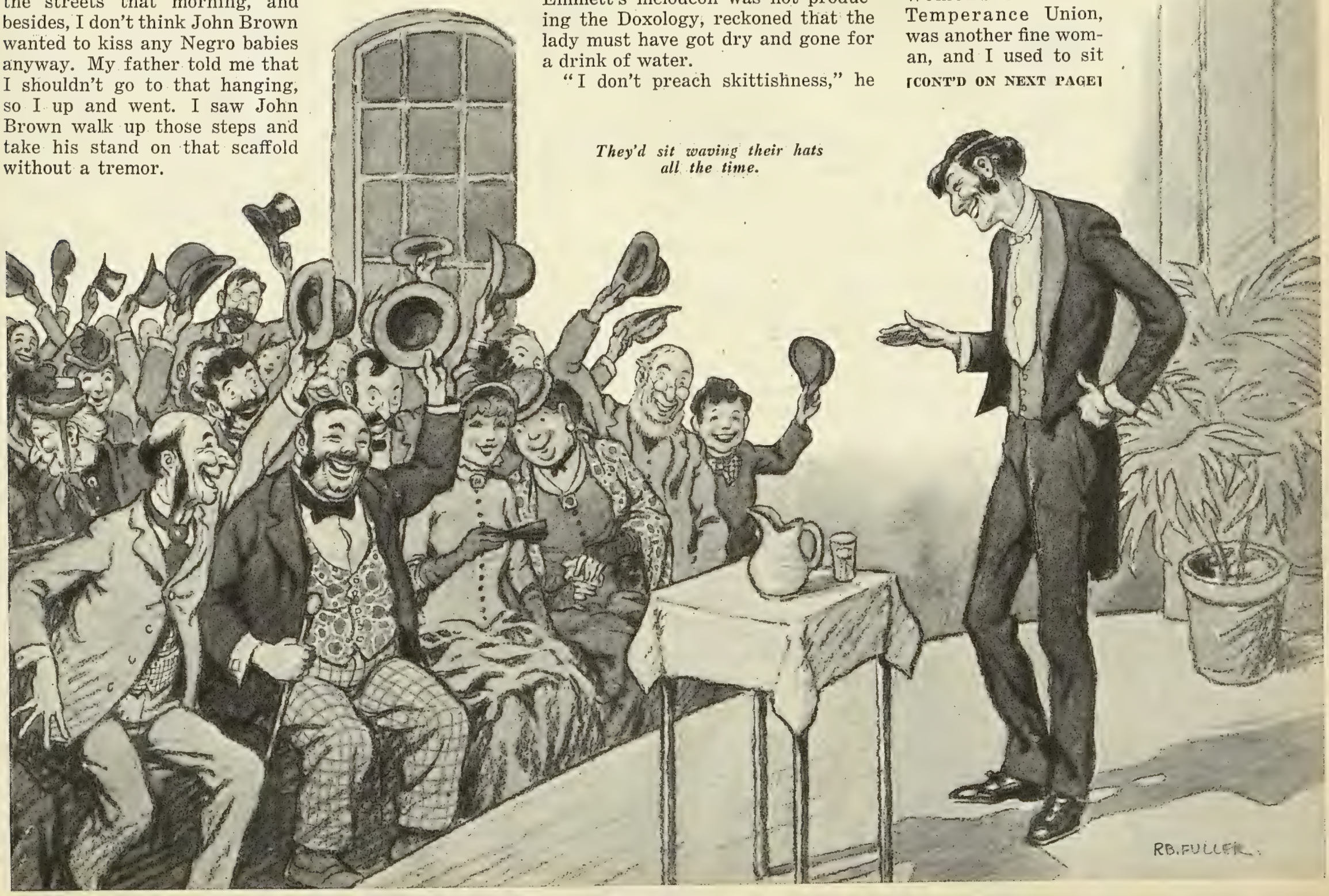
"As a lecturer my inspiration was Colonel George W. Bain. Never forget one night the Colonel was on the platform and Mrs. Bain was sitting there with him and he said:

"'If I could live my life over again, I'd marry the same woman.'

"'Well, I don't know about that,' said Mrs. Bain, as quick as a wink.

"Mighty fine woman, Mrs. Colonel Bain. Frances Willard, one of the founders of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, was another fine woman, and I used to sit

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]



They'd sit waving their hats all the time.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

and listen to her by the hour. Yes, sir; when folks got a lecturer those days they got their money's worth. You got something and you kept on getting it for a couple of hours or so.

"OLD lazy Lou Beauchamp was one of them. A long, lean, slow-moving, slow-speaking boy he was. He told the oldest stories in the world. No use protesting that they were old. Lou didn't give a snap of his fingers. Used to start out by saying:

"'Now, get ready, because I'm going to spring a few new ones. If I tell you a story you've heard before, wave your hats in the air.'

"Good grief! You never saw anything like it when Lou was lecturing. You'd think the audience had gone daft. They'd sit there waving their hats all the time, not that Lou cared any.

"Ever hear of Sam Jones, the temperance lecturer?"

"No," I was compelled to admit.

Old Sunshine Hawks seemed grieved.

"Don't seem right, somehow, to see young fellers getting older these days ignorant of all the old-timers," he mourned. "Well, Sam Jones just naturally tromped on the citizens. Rough? He was awful. Billy Sunday's a mild-speaking man compared to Sam. Why, I've heard folks leave Sam's tent of an afternoon vowing it was a shame that something wasn't done to stop him. Never coming back, they weren't. But that night they'd be there first to get a good front seat.

"'Where you going, Sunshine?' he asked me one night in St. Louis.

"'To Heaven,' says I, wondering what Sam would say to that.

"'This is a hell of a place to start from,' he said, just like that.

"Yes, Sam Jones was rough on his fellow humans.

"Sam Small was a wonder, too. Couldn't stump Sam Small. Came to a town one night and was told he was to speak to a convention of dentists. Sam hustles over to the library and reads up on dentistry, and next day he was all but pulling teeth.

"Never heard anybody funnier than Strickland Gillilan, who made himself famous with Off Again, On Again, Gone Again, Finnigan. And I don't know that I ever saw on the lecture stage anybody bigger or with a hotter temper than Joseph Cook.

"Funk and Wagnalls used to run a hotel in New York, and just before it was formally opened I got a room there. The only other guest was a monkey until Joe Cook came in one night pretty late. He was very tired and went right to bed. Next morning he didn't come down to breakfast, so we went to see what the matter was.

"Great grief! The monkey had got into his room and stolen all Joe's clothes.

"One time at Ocean Grove Joe was to introduce Walter Thomas Mills, a very small man. Joe looked down at Walter and said that 'the mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.' And then Mr. Mills proceeded to speak about 'great quantities of nothing,' looking at Joe now and then.

"Bishop Robert McIntyre of Chicago used to lecture about the Chicago fire, and, son, you could smell the smoke. I don't think, though, that any of them ever fooled me except maybe William Jennings Bryan. Bill Bryan had me puzzled. I gave up trying to guess Bill several years ago.

"From the money standpoint he was the best proposition on the Chautauqua platform. Any other prominent speaker would have a guarantee of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars a lecture, but Bryan would come on a split the proceeds basis. If it rained and you only took in ten dollars you'd have to dig down into your jeans for the balance with one of the guarantee men, but with Bill it was different. He'd take the first two hundred dollars and then fifty per cent of the balance. Of course, if there wasn't any balance you were out of luck. But if you took in only forty dollars, Bryan would pocket that and call it square.

"Wonderful man, Bryan. I've seen folks walk fifteen miles to hear him, and then go home and name all the cows and horses, pigs and chickens, and children after him. Then on election day they'd hurry up to the polls so's to be able to vote for the other fellow.

"The best all round singer we had on the platform in those days was Nell Burnell. She knew the words and music of one hundred and forty songs, and I used to like to hear her sing My Hero, accompanied by a full brass band. Great grief! That was singing.

"There used to be a fine Chautauqua at De Funiak Springs, Florida. The man who had the merry-go-round concession made fifty thousand dollars. Never forget once I asked an old lady whether she liked the Chautauqua there.

"'Deed I did, sir,' she replied. 'I rid on the thing all day and cotched the brass ring three times.'

"The original Jubilee Singers were always sure of success. Very popular in the West. Never forget one night I said to the manager of one of the Chautauqua meetings:

"'I see you've got the Jubilee Singers billed. Have you ever had Sam Jones?"

"'Yes, sir, we have.'

"'Ever had Mr. Wooley on the program?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'You've had some pretty good talkers. How's it come that you've got me this week?'

"Oh, we had to take you to get the Jubilee Singers. I've been after those Jubilee Singers for a year.'

"Then there was old Cap'n Jack Crawford, the one-man wild west show. Wore his hair long and always appeared in buckskins. Hated Buffalo Bill like poison, and was at his best when the audience heckled him a little about Colonel Cody.

"Carrie Nation was on the bill with me several times. Never saw a quieter woman in my life. Gentle as a zephyr until she thought it about time to give her hatchet a little exercise, when she became a cyclone. Mrs. Nation was opposed to liquor, if you must know the truth."

SUNSHINE HAWKS kept it up for a couple of hours. He warmed to his work as he progressed. Interruptions didn't bother him; he paid no attention to them.

"Shucks, you get used to tricks to make you stop talking. Never forget one night a manager tried to shut off a celebrated speaker who had been talking for more than two hours. The audience was weakening. Something had to be done to save them from just going to pieces.

"The telephone bell rang and the manager told the speaker that a lady, Mrs. Ollincuffer wanted to speak to him on the telephone.

"'Ask her what she wants,' said the orator.

"'I did,' lied the manager. 'She won't tell me; says it's very important.'

"'Tell her I don't know anything about it.'

"'If you don't know what she wants how do you know you don't know anything about it?'

"'See here,' roared the orator, 'who's the lecturer here, you or me?'

"And bless you, he went on for another hour; just to get even, I guess. No, the old-timers were hard men to deal with. Very jealous of their art."

At dinner Sunshine talked of food. He delivered a gastronomic travelogue which started with lobsters in Portland, Maine, and beans in Boston to *chili con carne* in El Paso and pompano and sand dabs in San Francisco. He delivered a panegyric over Smithfield hams in Virginia and fried chicken in Maryland. He held forth on the food preferences of Jubal Early, Jeb Stuart, Stonewall Jackson, and Robert E. Lee. He devoted considerable time to a dinner he ate in New Orleans—shrimp on ice, crab gumbo, broiled crab, fried chicken, red snapper throats, crab salad, Bernhardt cake, corn bread, yams, alligator pears, French peas, coffee, ice cream, and minor dishes.

"Quite a dinner, that was, and plenty of it, too," sighed Sunshine.

"Ever have indigestion?" I ventured.

"No, sir. I was always careful what I ate."

But at this point the telephone bell rang. A lady desired to speak to Sunshine Hawks. The old boy looked suspicious.

"What's her name?" he demanded. "Ollincuffer?"

THE END

CAROLYN WELLS

according to editors, is responsible for more delightful shivers than any other writer. That's why adventure-lovers wait eagerly for each new mystery novel of hers—why the bringing out of each of them is big news.

Never was an author better equipped for her chosen work. Her book, The Technique of the Mystery Story, is a classic—the best analysis of the thriller ever written. There's no aspect of crime and its detection which she hasn't studied intensively.

Since 1900 she has been engaged in literary work of a wide variety. Of late years those who like thrills have learned to look forward to three or four mystery and detective stories a year from her. Each book has added thousands of new readers to her already vast audience.

And now she's finished the best mystery yarn of all the long list. It's called: Anything But the Truth—and it's a humdinger! The first installment starts in next week's Liberty. Your friends will all be reading it. Don't let them beat you to it!

The NEXT TIME A LION

By MORGAN BURKE

Pictures by GLEN MITCHELL

In the Early Dawn of the Human Race, Brain Pits Itself Against Brawn in a Battle to Death

With a roar the magnificent animal launched itself in attack.

EE-MAH-NYO was more cunning than brave. Also, he was different. Unlike the rest of his tribe, his smooth skin was quite visible through its thin coat of hair and bore no scar to show that he had ever engaged a leopard single handed. Yet the pile of leopard skins back in his cave was greater than that of the tribe's most battle-scarred hunter!

Of late years he had kept to his cave on nights like this, but on this particular night the Scant Haired One was drawn to the festival because his own son was of the novice hunters, and it appeared from the talk since sunset that this son of his had acquitted himself the most splendidly of all.

Contemptuously he squatted there in the extreme outer circle of the firelight and looked on the stupid exhibition. As was the custom, the young men who late that day had returned from the novice hunt were strutting before their elders to boast of their prowess. They had just met the first test of their manhood, and one by one they came forth to tell and enact the great drama of their first heroism.

And so Ee-mah-nyo looked on while his son strode out to strut and swagger as the others had done. Tense with excitement, the audience in the same cadence of his chanted story beat softly on the ground with the palms of their hands.

Splendidly arrogant, the son of Ee-mah-nyo stood there before them as he finished his tale. "The next time . . . a *lion!*" he boasted dramatically, as he turned from the firelight and sprawled on the ground with conscious indifference.

With a certain bitterness Ee-mah-nyo sat back and watched it all. The three most beautiful girls that had come to womanhood that year were brought forth ceremoniously. With swaying body and moving arms in rhythm to the cadence of the padded throb of naked hands that continued to drum the ground, the first maiden glided forward. But with decisive gesture the son of Ee-mah-nyo pushed her from him.

The next one swayed toward him much as had the other, and he rejected her roughly with a snarling cuff on the side of her pretty head.

When the third girl hopefully and timidly approached, the noble son of Ee-mah-nyo never even looked at her. He had turned to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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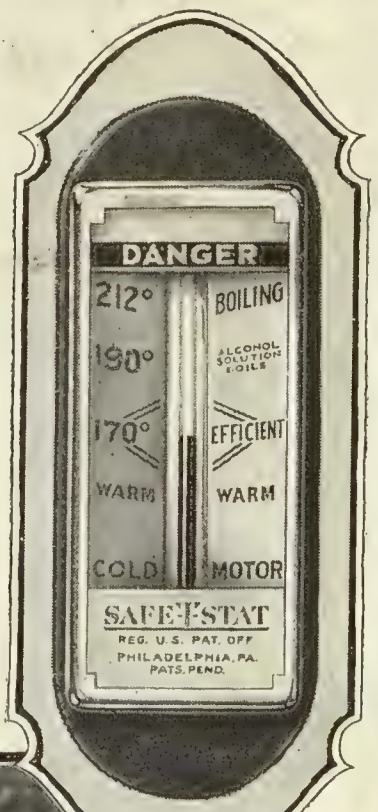

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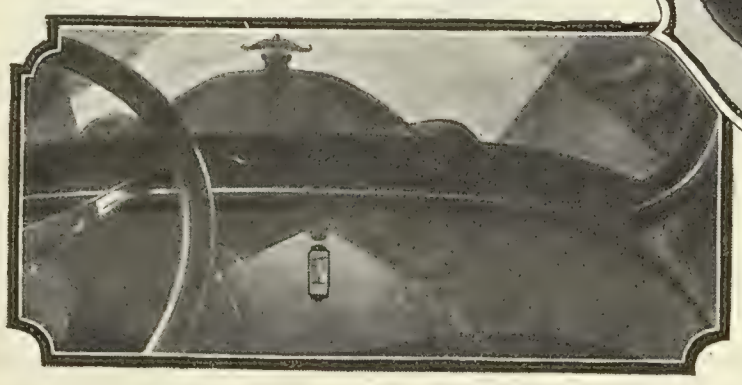

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

his food and was devouring hungrily great quantities of meat which he tore from a huge bone.

At this the old men looked at each other with a knowing significance that said as plain as words, "He has a strong heart." But the old women exchanged admiring glances, and one of them, with a momentary flare of youthful memories in her aged eyes, voiced their thought.

"He will have many women," she said.

YES, the son of Ee-mah-nyo would have many women! Ee-mah-nyo himself had had hard luck with women. The first one came to him after his first achievement of constructive thought. He had felt triumphant then, but it hadn't lasted long. Ee-mah-nyo was beginning to comprehend that life has its moments, but moments only.

So on this night of his son's stupid triumph he returned to his cave and dwelt on the past. Very early Ee-mah-nyo had made remembering the pastime of his idleness.

Many springs before, because of his own disgraceful failure in the novice hunt, his father had cast him out. For a long time after that he had stalked along through the life of the village, shunned by most of the tribe. It was, of course, impossible that any of the desirable girls should have fallen to his lot. The pick went to the brave. But at the beginning of the following spring, when the fish were crowding their thousands upward to the headwaters for spawning, Ee-mah-nyo at least established himself as a person.

The old women and some of the old men stood in the shallows with clubs to get the season's supply of fish. There was much confusion and yelling and splashing. Beating of empty waters with useless clubs! Such senseless, futile efforts!

Ee-mah-nyo pondered on this stupidity as he thoughtfully walked back through the village. There must be a better way than that to get the fish in the spring. Back in his shelter his eyes roved over to his bed, where lay his only leopard skin—one that had been given him by his father more than two years before. In the light there, when he squinted up his eyes, the spots seemed almost transparent. The thought came to him that if those spots were holes and the skin were dragged swiftly through the water the water would go through but the fish would not!

In sudden excitement he found a thin, sharp stone, and, with a larger one for a hammer he cut out the spots of the leopard skin. It was slow work, but he toiled passionately. At length the last spot was out and he tied a strong spear shaft securely to either end of the hide. With this stretched between them down at the river again, two men waded out into the shallows.

It was a magnificent moment! The water poured through the holes in the hide, and the skin was heavy with fish! Again and again great quantities of fish were dragged to the shore. Faster and faster the women on the bank strung the scaly, slippery things on branches for drying, but the huge, flopping mass grew swifter than their greatest efforts.

A group of young girls playing in a nearby pool slid up over the rocks curiously. One of them had come to womanhood since the last novice hunt and would be one of the prizes to fall to the heroes of the next hunt which was soon to be held. She stood high on a rock, and waved and called to Ee-mah-nyo gayly.

For the first time in his life a woman looked on him with admiring eyes! A wild tumult of emotion, the moment of supreme accomplishment, success . . . fire swept his soul. Fiercely he throttled the exultation in his heart. For too long had he withstood ostracism and the taunts of his people.

SULLENLY he turned back through the village, but as he passed close to the rock on which she stood the girl called to him again. It was too much. Added to the fierce fires of resentment came this other flame of youth and manhood that wants a woman. With a sudden savagery Ee-mah-nyo leaped up through the rocks to stand at her side.

"It was a wonderful idea!" was the essence of her chatter.

Ee-mah-nyo caught her by the wrist, but swift as thought she stooped suddenly, trying to twist from his grasp. Then when he caught her by the tangled hair of the head and yanked her toward him she only laughed and held him off with her eyes.

"What will you do now?" said she. "Now that your only leopard skin is full of holes, how will the Scant Haired One keep warm in the night?"

"You shall be my leopard skin!" he answered tensely.

"It is not yet the season for mating," she temporized, still unafraid.

"Besides," the taunting woman in her came forth, "I am to be the woman of a mighty hunter, a taker of leopards—not the taker of silly fish!"

The insult piled anger on passion and Ee-mah-nyo seized her roughly.

"Silly fish . . . silly women!" he snarled. And stooping swiftly he flung his arm around her legs, threw her over his shoulder and started on a light run through the village.

Breathlessly up through the

The three most beautiful girls who had come to womanhood were brought forth.

boulders to his shelter he carried her and threw her down in the entrance. It was not yet the season for mating. A tradition was violated, but the elders looked on their huge catch of fish and were lenient. So the sunfires went out, and the dusk slid smoothly into darkness, while Ee-mah-nyo, who was more cunning than brave, had a woman!

For a week or ten days the Scant Haired One had been wholly bewildered by the wonder of this passionate child-woman of his. And then came tragedy! There had been a storm. The river raged with swollen waters. One of the young girls bearing her first child had slipped from the rocks and was drowned. She had been the woman of the Huge One, the mightiest man of the village. And now the Huge One was womanless! Because of his bravery and fierceness probably he would be permitted with the new heroes of the hunt to choose from that year's group of finest girls.

Ee-mah-nyo's bride would have been of this group, and one day as she saw the Huge One in the village she thought of this. She wondered if he would have chosen her. He was a magnificent beast and she gazed on him speculatively. He called to her and waved a great hairy arm. She paused a moment, poised there vivid in the sunlight, returned his salutation with an excited laugh and then scuttled back to Ee-mah-nyo and their shelter.

From where he sat in the doorway the Scant Haired One had seen the little drama and fear clutched his heart. With one sweeping gesture that great hairy arm could obliterate all the sudden wonder and beauty in the soul of Ee-mah-nyo.

THEN the next day as they strolled through the village the Huge One came out of the cave of a friend and caught them unexpectedly. In guttural chatter and gesture he admired the girl confidently.

"There is no woman in my cave," he suggested.

"But I am already mated," laughed the girl. "I already have shelter with Ee-mah-nyo. We are very happy there."

"Happy? . . . Ho, hoh!" scoffed the Huge One. "You should love *a man!*" He spread out his great arms and inflated his massive chest.

"Such a woman as you cannot be satisfied in that poor shelter. Not when you can have the finest cave in the village!"

Ee-mah-nyo was shaking with fear and rage. The girl crouched behind him and a sudden scorn of his weakness possessed her.

"Here, you!" said Ee-mah-nyo. "Choose you a woman from the unmated ones and let the rest alone!"

"Ho, ho!" roared the Huge One, poking Ee-mah-nyo insultingly with his big club.

With a single lunge of despairing hopelessness the Scant Haired One leaped upon him savagely, but that was all! With one blow he was beaten to his knees. Blindly he tried to rise but the Huge One in great good humor battered him into a helpless, senseless mass of suffering flesh, and the woman who had been his woman meekly followed the other to the cave that was the finest in the village.

The next days went by in burning shame. The Scant Haired One shunned the village whenever he could. He took to haunting the rocks across the narrow gorge opposite the cave where the Huge One kept the woman who had been his own. Crouching there among the rocks he watched day by day their comings

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and goings, snarling and raging with impotent passion till he was sick with weariness.

But one day as he knelt there intently he became conscious of the great balanced rock against which he had leaned his suffering body so many times. "The Toppling Rock," they of the village called it. Opposite, across the narrow gorge, was the cave opening of the Huge One. Ee-mah-nyo bared his teeth in silent, terrible laughter as he measured that cave opening and the rock which he caressed with his hand.

For several days then he chiseled and gouged at the base of the Toppling Rock. Finally he ceased to labor and took up a wary watch. That afternoon he saw the Huge One and the woman come up from the river, wet and dripping with cool water, while the Scant Haired One himself dripped with the sweat of labor and maddened passion. He could even hear the high voiced laughter of the woman as the Huge One caught her up suddenly in his arms and disappeared within the cave.

LIKE a horrible shadow, Ee-mah-nyo slid around the Toppling Rock. He laughed silently as slowly his encircling arms gripped tight and low the rounded sides of the rock. With his shoulder braced against it he gathered his strength under him and gradually put all his power into a steady forward heave.

Suddenly there was a crunching as the rock slipped slightly on its base. Over the edge of the cliff it rolled, and, gathering momentum, bounded across the narrow gorge, smash into the waiting maw of that hated cave opening!

Looking upward as the crash filled the gorge the terrified villagers saw the figure of a man that was Ee-mah-nyo who was more cunning than brave standing where the Toppling Rock had stood for ages. Then in amazement someone pointed to the place where had been the cave of the Huge One. The Toppling Rock had plunged squarely into its opening and wedged there tight as gold hammered in the soul of a miser.

The villagers crowded about the cave excitedly, touching the rock with their hands, trying their strength against it. Ee-mah-nyo was amused at this as he came among them. The rock was immovable! He was all untouched by the whimpering and bellows of rage which came from within the cave, and the hopeless, struggling efforts of the Huge One to move the rock with his great strength.

"The Huge One has great courage," said Ee-mah-nyo. "Now he has need for all his strength and bravery. Their water will soon be gone—then they shall be thirsty. Their food will soon be gone—then they shall be hungry. The Huge One so brave will then kill the woman that was once my woman. For his thirst he will drink her blood, for his hunger he will eat her flesh, that he may live on. It will be many days, for he is very strong, then he will die. It is very sad for one so strong to die so hard."

Then an old man who had been old as long as the oldest could remember, hobbled before them on his staff and pointed at the receding back of the Scant Haired One.

"Beware!" he warned. "There goes a man of wisdom. Where wisdom is, strength cannot prevail. You have seen!"

Out of all the tribe his aged dimmed eyes alone had understood. Back to his shelter he followed Ee-mah-nyo.

"My son," was the essence of his talk, "you are wise. You make of the leopard skin a net to take the fish. Already you have put new words to our tongues. With the power of your thought you move the Toppling Rock and destroy your enemy. Yet because you are more cunning than brave you are despised by your own people."

"Let it be," said Ee-mah-nyo sullenly.

"Yes, let it be," agreed the Old One. "But I who am old make tribute to your wisdom. The time shall come when there shall be many men like you. Men without hair and much wisdom. A time when wisdom is greatness, leaving bravery and buffeting to fools and to children."

"Perhaps . . ." Ee-mah-nyo's eyes were full of the long distant dream.

"Even now," ventured the Old One impressively, "even now there may be people other than we. A many days' go through the forest jungle might discover other people. People like you, Ee-mah-nyo, with little hair and much wisdom. Find them, my son, and you will find fellowship in thought."

But Ee-mah-nyo was more cunning than brave and he dreaded to journey too many days from the village. Besides there was the necessity of the ever pressing immediate. The night chill punished the Scant Haired One. He missed the warmth of his woman and his leopard skin was now a net for the fish. He had no courage to go forth and engage a leopard single handed, yet another skin he must have.

IT was a great problem until one morning he found a little mouse of the field striving desperately to get out of a dry, empty bowl into which it had fallen. With a puzzled frown he studied the struggle, then suddenly his mind leaped back several years to a place a full day's journey from the village. There he had discovered a dry natural well in the ground some twelve or fifteen feet deep. It was as the jar there in his hand with its walls smooth and solid in the rock. How could he get a leopard into that well?

The next day he set out and before nightfall found the ground as he remembered it. It was just as he thought! A wonderful thing, this buried jar into which a leopard might be lured.

In nearby leopard ground he scouted around and finally started up a huge fellow that turned on him instantly. Silently the Scant Haired One slunk through the forest jungle. Just as silently and persistently the leopard followed him on toward the clearing and the rock walled pit. There at the very edge of the pit Ee-mah-nyo made his stand. The opening he had concealed with trailing vines and leaves.

When the leopard emerged from the rim of the forest jungle Ee-mah-nyo snarled and brandished his club. With a roar the magnificent animal launched itself in attack. For an instant the Scant Haired One saw the hurtling body over him, then he stooped and leaped aside. The leopard turned half over in a frantic effort to strike and landed on its back in the midst of the thin screen over the top of the pit.

With a scrambling, snarling roar the beast went down . . . and the mouse was in the jar! Clawing in vain at the smooth rock walls the leopard leaped upward from his haunches, striving desperately to get out. But Ee-mah-nyo leisurely took his long shafted spear and thrust it deep down into the growling throat.

Then, after the beast was dead, he set a dead pine pole down into the pit and with this as a ladder lugged the heavy animal out. His first leopard! On the cliff by the river he cut off the hide and pitched the carcass into the swift current. Back at the pit he carefully sifted fresh earth over the blood stains and with a green branch of the spicewood switched away the scent of his own tracks. In a week all trace would be gone and then for another leopard! It was so easy.

So for years the village was accustomed to see Ee-mah-nyo coming in with a new leopard hide. And yet he had no scar on him to tell of the combat. They pondered over it dully, suspiciously, but scorned him nevertheless. Wasn't he the hairless one? Hadn't he been compelled to take a woman that no one else would have?

AFTER all a man must have a woman. This one was scrawny and sickly, and could do no work. An old woman who belonged to nobody came to live with them and worked about grumblingly. Eventually with his riches in leopard skins Ee-mah-nyo bought a spacious cave, almost the finest in the village, and for this his people hated him the more.

The sickly woman gave him a son and nearly died. That one lived, but the others died as fast as they were born. Eventually she herself died after their son was nearly grown. But Ee-mah-nyo never took another woman. He'd had hard luck with women, had Ee-mah-nyo.

The Scant Haired One sat there that night in his cave thinking over these events of his past waiting for his son to return from the feasting. In great pride the youth swaggered in, flung himself down and proceeded to lick the wounds on his great hairy arms.

"I am the bravest of them all," he boasted.

"Yes, I heard your hunting chant. Strange, though, I expected you to return with a woman."

"Hah! There was none to my liking. I shall have many women, but *now* I wait for my wounds to heal. And then I shall go on the hunt again. . . . *The next time a lion!*"

Strangely enough as he traveled toward his leopard pit the next day Ee-mah-nyo got to wondering about those other people that the Old One had once suggested might be. Down the descending years the desire to find them had lived with him, but Ee-mah-nyo was more cunning than brave and the dangerous unknown made fearsome the forest jungle. This time three days he went, and then another. Five days from the village! Six! The next day if he had the courage to keep going, or the next day . . . who could tell? . . .

He peered ahead. He was traveling more slowly now, for he had no knowledge of what danger might be just beyond. Then suddenly as he looked from a clump of bushes he saw a long, bare leg hanging in relaxation from the low, forked branches of a huge tree. Noiselessly he crept forward, reached up and grabbed the dirty, slender foot. There was a sudden scream and Ee-mah-nyo found himself in the midst of a clawing, biting, fighting creature, all arms and legs and sinewy power.

Relentlessly he held her. Slowly and gently as possible he overpowered her with his superior strength. Then when she was limp with exhaustion and fear he had time to look her over. Her hair was a mat of yellow gold! Her body was covered with a fine, slick, golden down. But the most startling thing of all was that she looked at him out of the biggest, widest eyes he had ever seen, and the eyes were blue!

She could not understand his words, but he was gentle, and the fear in her strange blue eyes changed gradually to puzzled curiosity. After a time by question and gesture he gathered that from somewhere afar off she had

Noiselessly he crept forward, reached up, and grabbed the dirty, slender foot.

wandered for many days and was lost, and her relief at finding someone who was friendly was great. All afternoon they wandered and studied each other with curious shyness. As her confidence in him grew she became gay and unrestrained, dancing long ahead of him, utterly unafraid.

Thus they played along together in perfect companionship till nightfall. And when the chill of it settled in the valleys they sought a safe place for shelter. Without question then she came to him, and together they curled up in the mossy hollow of some sheltering rocks. And once again Ee-mah-nyo, who was more cunning than brave, had a woman.

AND such a woman! Taller than the women of his own people, and active with strength so great that it fully tested his own as they played together roughly. Day after day they wandered on in contented delight with life and with each other, so that it took nearly three weeks for them to traverse the distance that Ee-mah-nyo alone had made in six days.

Then they came to the village! Ee-mah-nyo was very proud. His people peered at this hairless girl curiously as the two of them passed through the village to his cave. The girl thought his people the ugliest she had ever seen, so hairy and dirty. Her people were a superior race. But she was interested and fascinated by the new things she saw.

The old woman who lived in Ee-mah-nyo's cave did not like the coming of this young snip of an alien people at all. But the Son of Ee-mah-nyo sullenly accepted her presence and said nothing. Then the Old One who had first spoken of the possibilities of another people in the forest jungle came to see Ee-mah-nyo's woman. He had heard of her and his curiosity was very great.

The golden down on her slender, muscular body! Her light colored eyes! In these things he saw his prophetic vision realized. Eagerly he listened as Ee-mah-nyo related what the girl had said of her people. And after it was told the Scant Haired One gave the Old One a magnificent leopard skin to keep the chill of age from his bones.

"But I shall not need it long," the Old One said. "I have lived to see you, Ee-mah-nyo, and your wisdom. I have lived to see my one slight vision come true. What more can a man ask?"

With gentle gallantry he stroked the smooth, slender back of Ee-mah-nyo's bride.

"If I were young again," he smiled his toothless smile, "I would start me forth for the far lands and find me such a woman as you. For, having seen you, O Sun Gold, less beauty would not content me."

With that he was gone, and a few days later the eventual leopard skin that covers all men with darkness had wrapped itself around him, and Ee-mah-nyo was very sad. The one man of all his people who loved him was dead.

But sadness could not be where Sun Gold was. She was like a young whirlwind. The old woman resented her more and more. And Sun Gold's temper was swift to flare. Once she had beaten the old woman violently, and when Ee-mah-nyo remonstrated a little Sun Gold only laughed.

But the old woman bided her time. Then she whispered furtively in Ee-mah-nyo's ear. He laughed. It was impossible! But day after day she kept at it, and Ee-mah-nyo wondered. Then one day he saw—saw Sun Gold, the goddess of his dreams, roll her eyes with strange significance at his own son! A great hairy man whom she pretended to scorn!

Twice he saw her do it! And then once there in the cave shadows he saw his son slide a hairy paw caressingly down over her shoulder. His own son! Then it was that Ee-mah-nyo found an old fear in his heart. An old hurt, an old sickness of soul. Anger and madness turned him into fury. He leaped forward and caught her by the arm. She turned those faithless innocent blue eyes upon him and laughed. Then he struck her. He would find out! With the shaft of a light spear he struck her again.

SHE fought him, battled magnificently, but Ee-mah-nyo beat her without mercy, until she was weak and whimpering and begging, her pride gone. But still he continued to beat her. And then the thing happened as he thought it would—his son rushed forth in vicious defense of the woman.

"Let her alone!" he commanded.

This was surprising, for to beat his woman was the privilege of any man among Ee-mah-nyo's people. But the Son of Ee-mah-nyo caught his father savagely by the throat.

"I'll kill you . . . I'll kill you!" the son raged.

Ee-mah-nyo who was more cunning than brave was afraid of his son, but he stood still. For in the tribe was a law, an inflexible law, that no son should lift his hand against his own father. To do so meant expulsion and exile to the forest jungle forever!

"Beware. No son dare do what you would do." Ee-mah-nyo cried. "The woman is mine and I beat her if I choose. You dare not face exile to the forest jungle because that means isolation and death. Get out of my cave! Get a cave of your own and a woman of your own! Get out and stay out!"

Sullenly the youth gathered up the things that were his and departed. That one law was immutable. He knew that.

"But," the son snarled from the doorway,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

"the law says nothing if a father goes into the forest jungle and fails to return. I dare not kill you here in the village, perhaps, but if a man does not return——"

With this ugly threat on his tongue his eyes drifted to Sun Gold, who watched them fascinated.

"Have courage, beautiful one," the son shouted. "You shall yet be my woman." Then he swaggered out with one backward ominous look.

MANY times had the Son of Ee-mah-nyo repeated his boast, "The next time a lion!" Ee-mah-nyo who was more cunning than brave lay in his bed that night and laughed in the dark silence. The next time a lion. So be it! This cursed son of his who would kill him and take his Sun Gold! Let it be a lion, then. The Son had chosen.

So in the morning long before dawn Ee-mah-nyo stole out of his cave. In the faint light he scaled the opposite cliff and went swiftly into the forest jungle. The arc of the wide circle he traveled terminated at the leopard pit. Steadily he moved onward with a strange, purposeful relentlessness. Never before had he traveled so swiftly.

He penetrated the leopard ground and beyond it where was the lion country, a section never entered by the hunters of the village, for to hunt the lion was the greatest of dangers. A little way he went into the lion country, but not far. Then out he slunk swiftly, from tree to tree, rock to rock, like a whimsical diabolical shadow. And as he did so a mighty lion stalked him!

It was well after sunset and on the edge of darkness that night when he dropped the weariness of his body down at the entrance of his cave. He was utterly exhausted. In one day he had accomplished what before had always taken two days to do. The next time a lion! Yes, that boast of the Son of Ee-mah-nyo was about to come true.

The next morning the sun was already beginning to rise as Ee-mah-nyo emerged from his cave and started leisurely across the gorge. It was going to be a day of glory. He climbed the cliff openly and disappeared behind a rock. Cautiously looking back the way he had come, he saw that his plan was good, for a man was ascending the cliff with great speed in his wake.

Many times had the Scant Haired One been stalked by a leopard. His skill and cunning at being hunted by the enemy beasts of the jungle was very great. Only yesterday had he been so stalked by a lion . . . a huge lion! He laughed. Today he was being stalked by a man! Again he laughed silently and waited for the other to get closer. Then, after a few moments, he went on again.

For hours he went on thus, from free to tree, thicket to thicket. Once a swift flung spear quivered viciously in a tree trunk at his side, but Ee-mah-nyo pretended not to see it. Hah! . . . He was coming to the clearing! Cautiously he worked now. Into a thicket he slipped and waited an instant. Then like a leopard itself he glided into the open toward the pit so skillfully covered by its trailing vines and leaves. As he reached the rim of it he could hear low growls and the pad, pad, pad of expectant, restless feet.

Ee-mah-nyo paused and squatted there on the ground as if to rest. First he saw a leaf move. Then a hairy shoulder and a mighty arm. A spear hurtled toward him! He leaned forward that it might pass harmlessly.

On the instant the huge warrior Son of Ee-mah-nyo rushed from the thicket. He paused for a heart beat, then came forward snarling and gibbering with rage.

"Tell me of the law now!" he roared through dribbling jaws. "If a man makes no returning from the forest jungle, who shall say that his son killed him?"

Ee-mah-nyo crouched then to meet the attack.

"Come on!" he taunted. "Let the brave kill the father of the brave. Boaster . . . cheap braggart of the village! Come on! Must I kill my own son by flinging my spear through him?"

THE Son of Ee-mah-nyo was closer now. The taunting did its work. With a roaring yell of rage he leaped and flung himself recklessly forward. Ee-mah-nyo who was more cunning than brave stooped swiftly low and caught the hurtling body by the feet as it tumbled over him. Then with a mighty heave he whirled and let go——

Down, down through the thin screen of vines, down deep into the hidden opening plunged the tongue-boasting Son of Ee-mah-nyo.

That was the end. Horrible . . . ghastly sounds came then from the pit. A ripping and tearing . . . and fearful screams!

"The next time a lion!" snarled Ee-mah-nyo in his throat.

Then he who was more cunning than brave turned back toward the village and the cave where waited the woman that was Sun Gold.

THE END

TRUB,

the Lovable Pup, again will cheer us and entertain us in an early issue of Liberty. Watch for the newest leaves from TRUB'S DIARY, by John Taintor Foote.

From BRONX COCKTAILS *to*— NUT SUNDAES

WHERE Are the Bartenders of Yesteryear? Eddie, Who Once Flourished a Mean Shaker on Broadway and Now Ladles Out Whipped Cream, Tells the Secret

By *SEAMUS DILLON*

Picture by GARRETT PRICE

ONE CAN readily see that Eddie had a bad half year immediately after prohibition overtook his profession. He comes of a sensitive family. His father was a wrestler and his brother a baseball catcher.

"Oh, I'm shameless enough now," said Eddie after we had recognized each other. "Why, I can put up a banana frivol lookin' you square in the eye and I've got all over wantin' to bust somebody in the jaw when asked to shake a raspberry sundae. But them first six months was hell."

It being a warmish day, I had dropped into a soda fountain establishment popular with the lads known by some as drugstore cowboys and by others as angel food consumers. I asked for a chocolate ice cream soda and got it—from Eddie.

I hadn't seen Eddie since Paddy Mulcahy's saloon had surrendered almost immediately after the Volstead act became the *bête noir* of the drinking classes. Eddie had been the pride and joy of the Mulcahy bar for years and had made the place one of the most popular along the downtown cocktail trail.

"I took a pride in my art," said Eddie, "but, like so many artists, I lacked business sense. Therefore, when Mulcahy's closed I had to get me a job quick.

"If I do say it myself, I *could* shake a smooth drink. I don't know whether you remember Mr. Wolpert, but he was one of my customers, and he used to say that half the beauty of my cocktails was in my shakin' form.

"Mr. Wolpert owned a couple of swift food joints and when the law put Paddy Mulcahy on the curb Mr. Wolpert asked me what I had on my mind. I told him nothin' and he said that, well, he was goin' to beat the country to its own game by openin' up a string of soda water joints and would be pleased to have me take a job mixin'.

"I don't know how many times I almost hit him in the nose with his job, but I figured he couldn't help it and then there was the wife and the two kids to keep out of the poor house and—well, I shook and suffered.

"Believe me, I suffered. But now I can, as I say, throw a orange orgy without a blush and hand you a egg élite without lowerin' my eyes. Why, I even *talk* like one of them now. I used to be able to take a hand in a Tammany Hall argument, but now I can tell them what Charlotte Charming and Looie Lovely is doin' in the movies, and it's no effort at all for me to call a guy a flat tire where I used to address the same breed as a frowsy bum."

"What's become of all the barkeeps, Eddie?" I asked.

"What becomes of this year's crop of chorus girls in five years?" he countered.

"I'd like to know," I replied.

"It's just as easy to ask and just as hard to answer," said Eddie. "Some of the boys went into bootleggin'. Some went into the prohibition enforcement business. Some went into the cops and others joined the army and navy. There's quite a lot of them workin' on orange drink stands, and there's more like me slingin' soft drinks.

"Some of them are waiters in cabaret cafés and a few of them own such joints, runnin' them between raids.

"I know one booze dispenser who fell in soft. It seems one of his best customers was a young fellow who had a rich father and nothin' else worth mentionin'.

"This fellow's father decided that his son needed a keeper and the boy told the old man that if anything like that was done that he'd shoot, hang, or drown himself, dependin' which was handiest at the moment. But the old man kept at the kid until finally the kid says,

"'All right, I'll stand for a guardian provided you let me name the man.'

"The old man agreed to that and the boy picked Al Huffy, his barkeep friend who used to mix 'em for him. The old man took a chance and had a long talk with Al. The boy was figurin' that with Al along with him he could find the best places easier. But the first thing Al does after the boy comes home with a wagon load aboard is to beat him up.

"After Al had beat the boy up four or five times, once sendin' him to the hospital for repairs, the boy quit tryin' and went on the bus, where he's been for two years. Two or three times Al, havin' a conscience, offered to quit the job, but each time the boy threatens to fall off the wagon if Al don't hang around, and so the old man raises Al's wages and induces him to stay on.

"Pretty soft, hey?"

Eddie passed his soft hand over his varnished hair and straightened his blue and white necktie. He leaned across the soda fountain bar to address a hundred pounds of human humming bird.

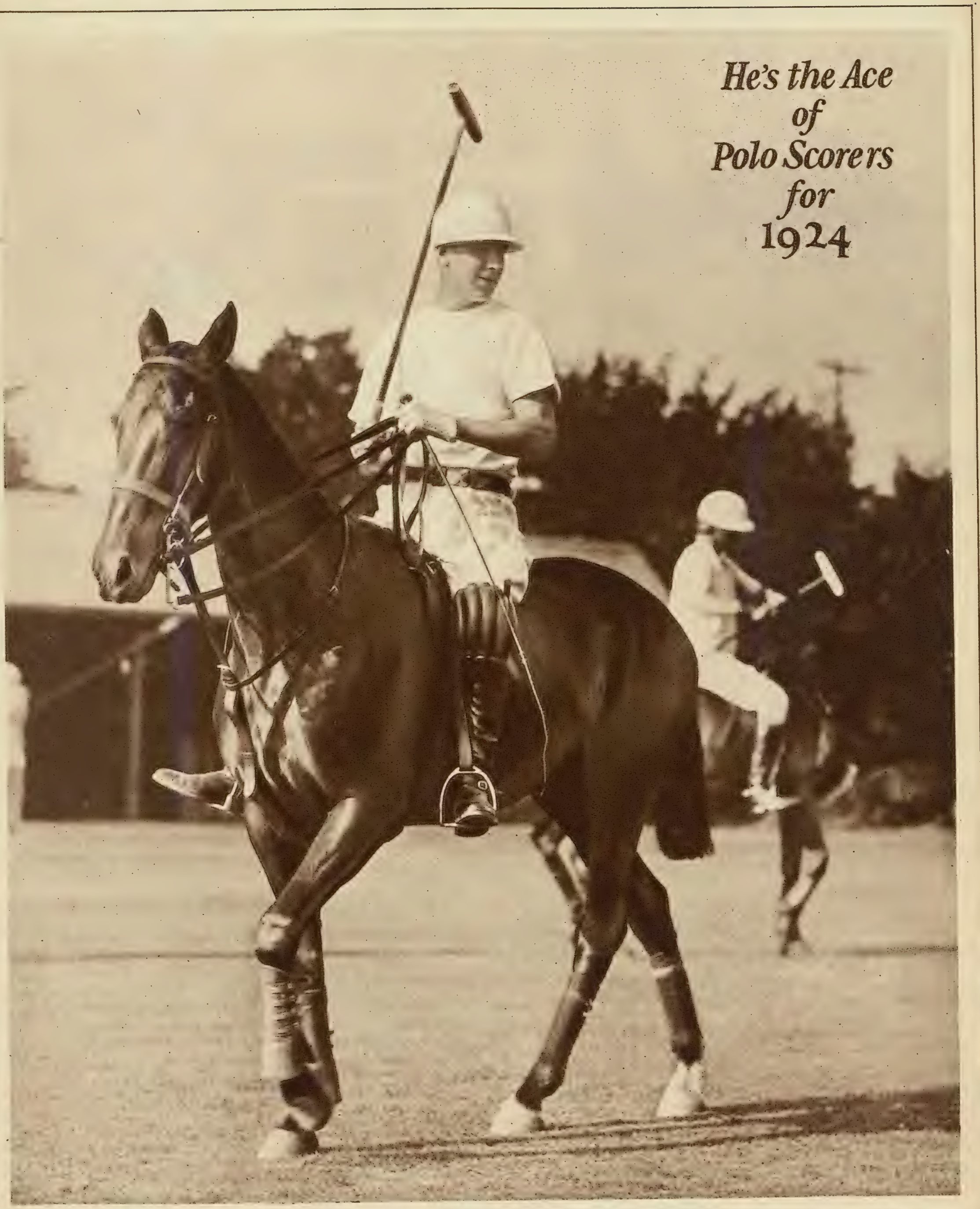
"Same as yesterday, marshmallow maul?"

"Yes and bear down on the whipped cream, it don't cost *you* anything."

And the Bronxes Eddie could mix!

THE END

MISS MARY K. BROWNE of Santa Monica, California, to whom tennis and golf look alike as worlds to conquer! She first won fame by making a clean sweep of national tennis honors in 1912, 1913, and 1914, as winner or co-winner of the women's singles, women's doubles, and mixed doubles for the three years. Then her star was eclipsed until this year, when she won in the women's national tennis championship tournament up to the semi-final, which she lost to Helen Wills. Nothing daunted, she entered the national women's golf tournament and attained the runner-up position, losing the final match to Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd. Pacific and Atlantic Photo.



THOMAS HITCHCOCK JR., whose name stands highest as point-scorer in the two whirlwind matches which gave America the international polo title over England for the year! In the first game, Hitchcock shared honors with Stevenson, who was injured and withdrawn during the course of the game, each player contributing five goals toward America's walkaway victory of 16 to 5 over the Britons. J. W. Webb and Devereux Milburn (captain) completed the American team. Three days later the Americans, with Strawbridge in place of Stevenson, repeated, 14 to 5, Hitchcock's five goals giving him ten for the tournament and first honors as a point scorer. International Photo.

HARVEY P. EVEREST

Wholesale Distributor of Liberty at Oklahoma City, Okla., and part of his large organization of Boy Salesmen.

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You can sell Liberty Magazine quickly, easily. No hard work. No long hours. Work right in your own neighborhood, just as you please. One day a week, every day, or just after school. No interference to school or play—just a pleasant job in spare time that will make money for you.

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Every ambitious boy keen to make money and to become a young business man will instantly grasp this opportunity. Remember, it is clean work, easy work and you are your own boss. Don't wait. Fill in the coupon and mail it right now.

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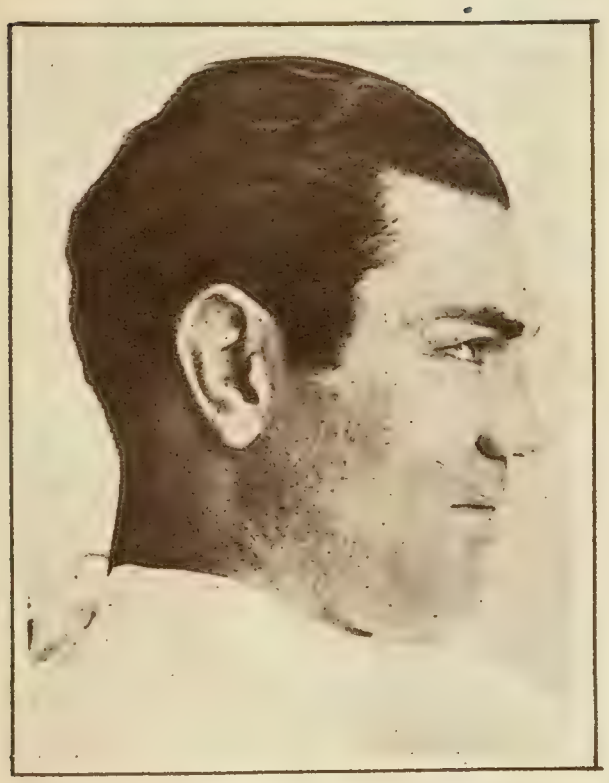

Jack Dempsey, stub nose and all

Vanity—All Is Vanity—and the Men Are as Bad as the Girls. If You Doubt It, Read

New FACES *for* OLD

—and with his new nose in place.

Are you dissatisfied with that nose Nature gave you? Would you change that humplike nasal appendage for one of the Grecian type? That retroussé proboscis, would you have it altered to something patricianlike?

That protruding jaw, those flabby cheeks — in fact, if you are not pleased with your facial features there is no reason to pine away; just enlist the aid of a competent plastic surgeon and you can have almost any change desired to be found in Nature's catalogue.

If you don't believe this just read this article and find how the plastic surgeon makes the commonplace beautiful and the ugly pretty.

By JULIA HARPMAN

LITTLE TONY TIMPONI, whose old man ran the bootblack place at the corner of Main and Walnut Streets, back home, had a nose that looked like a bare foot and a mouth like a hip pocket, and, of course, these were called to his attention now and again by the boys he played with. Fortunately, Tony was born with bunions on his finer feelings and these references to his inartistic face did not ordinarily cause him any great distress. He could be pressed too far, however, and when his wop was up, as he used to say, he'd double up his right, pick up a wild slam from his heels and go to war under the frantic motto:

"A face is a face! If you don't like my face, come on an' change it."

Until I went to Hollywood I had always believed it exceedingly bad form, fraught with implications of personal hazard, to criticize another's face, even with constructive motives. The truth is not in a face-to-face discussion of the subject. It is fatal to amity to remark with friendly candor, "I have always admired your face, all except your nose, which, unfortunately, is a terrible thing and reminds me of my first landlady." No; one must either approve the entire work or keep off the subject, and a scrupulous person keeps off. A face is so permanent, isn't it? Oh, is it?

Little do you know.

Would you ever believe that in Hollywood it is regarded as a generous favor to be received with gratitude and kisses, to fix a lady with a critical glare and say: "Your eyes are absolutely gruesome; why don't you have them remodeled?"

For Hollywood's supreme law is: *Be Beautiful!*

Hollywood counterfeits ancient castles; historic brawls between clanking armies in iron armor; love; and even the light of the very sun. Should Hollywood, then, so thoroughly committed to the specious in all things, scruple to counterfeit beauty? Especially when the counterfeit excels the genuine for the purpose of the movie screen?

In Hollywood Gloriana Gush tells her age or does just as she pleases. It makes no difference how young she really is, for she is expected to look even younger.

Age and the lotus diet may bring a multiplicity of chins and wattles beneath the eyes, but Hollywood will call you dumb should you, in this reconstructive era, retain those unpleasant mementoes of reckless nights of gayety under the influence of the palms and jazz and juniper. And to be adjudged dumb in Hollywood—ah, one were dumb indeed.

Why, then, should one go trailing through this quick and ecstatic existence behind a Roman nose, set in a Grecian or a Celtic facial background in which a straight or slightly upturned conk would be more congruous, more comforting to the lens, the mirror, and the box office? If your nose loops the loop like the handle of a molasses jug there is no reason why you shouldn't have it perfected. A girl changes the color of her hair; why not the architectural plan of what Hollywood calls her "beezer"?

We're intensely nasal here, aren't we? But we go further in Hollywood. We remodel and impart a whimsical upturn to the corners of a drooping mouth whose muscles have tired of smiling when the heart pulled the other way; we hew away the bulge of the hips so that a woman of the movies who is beginning to as-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Fanny Brice, before she had her nose "trimmed down" *—and after the surgeon had completed his job.*

Mario Carillo's sinuous nose yielded to the surgeon's skill *—and became the straight Roman type he wished to possess.*

Mrs. Tom Mix had too much curve in her nose, so she *—had it remodeled along more attractive straight silhouette lines.*

Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

HARMLESS LAXATIVE
All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

Mother!
Hurry! Give Constipated Child "California Fig Syrup"

Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

sume the physical proportions and gait of a dowager queen may become again a boyish princess; we fill in the hollows of scrawny necks and bony hands; we dismiss the fixed frowns that simply will come with the advance of years. Bring us your old faces! Bring us your wide-spreading figures!

HELEN FERGUSON, one of the prettiest of the younger moving picture stars, recently lost the bump on her nose and a burden of self-consciousness through one and the same operation.

Helen had been remarkably successful in playing Italian, Semitic, and Slavic character parts. But she yearned to be the sweet, young ingénue or the beautiful vamp. Her ambition was lost by a nose with a bump.

"All my life I lived in fear and hatred of my nose," she said. "At last I decided to change it. The operation didn't hurt very badly and the bandages were off in ten days.

"My belief in my new nose has been justified," Miss Ferguson concluded with pride. "The first week after I had my nose made over I was offered an ingénue part in a picture. The change in my nose has been of as much mental benefit as physical."

Mrs. Tom Mix, who, as Virginia Ford, was long a moving picture actress before she married the ex-cowboy and Rough Rider, owns the most valuable collection of jewels in Hollywood, with the possible exception of that of Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille's. But among her jewels was not her nose.

"I thought the shape of my nose was a blemish," said Mrs. Mix. "I felt it could be improved and so I applied to a plastic surgeon to change it. I wanted to back out when the time came but Tom wouldn't let me.

"He took me by the hand and off we went. I'm glad I had my nose changed but I wouldn't go through that again."

Vanity, vanity—all, all is vanity, including the men. For the girls have had no monopoly on the reconstructive offices of the facial landscaper.

In accordance with the laws of nature, Franklyn Farnum's showy face sagged like an old frame house, after he had worn it for about forty years. In defiance of nature, Mr. Farnum's façade has been jacked up where it sagged and brightened with a manufactured smoothness, where the wrinkles of full manly maturity had imprinted themselves.

Dr. W. E. Balsinger, who went to Hollywood from Chicago, drew the plans and performed the carpentry for Miss Ferguson and Mr. Farnum and also conducted alterations on others, including Ethel Clayton, Robert Carey Fairfax, Harland Tucker, and Mario Carillo.

"There is no excuse for ugliness," Doctor Balsinger insists. "The day will come when everyone will be beautiful. We are not beauty doctors; we are plastic surgeons. These operations are harmless, if done by physicians who have mastered the science. The only danger lies in the practice of quacks.

"To lift up the entire face, as in the case of Franklyn Farnum, the head is shaved about the temples, a piece of flesh is cut out around the ears, the skin is stretched tightly up toward the temples, thus raising all the tissues of the face and eliminating wrinkles, double chin, and other impedimenta to beauty, and is then sewed to the skin at the temples with a flat needle. The operation does not leave a scar.

"To take the fullness out of eyelids, a crescent is cut out of the lid and the remaining skin is sewed together. I enlarged the eyes of Mary Lygo, the Follies beauty, by cutting sections of skin, shaped like a V turned sidewise, out of the corners of her eyes.

"Remodeling of noses depends on their shape. To make a Grecian nose out of a Roman, it is necessary to diminish the bone at the bridge of the nose. To shorten a hook nose, the cartilage must be lessened at the nose's tip."

Of course, a contractor, attempting to remodel a house, may encounter unforeseen weakness of the ridge pole and the guest room may drop in his lap as he works in the basement.

There was the case of a man whose remodeled chin, consisting of wax filling beneath the skin, melted during a hot day's work on location and flowed southward. In the cool of the evening the unfortunate actor's manly jaw jelled again about two points north of his Adam's apple.

AND Mrs. Sydney Chaplin, the wife of Charlie's brother, went shopping for a new nose—and got one that nobody would have grabbed from a bargain counter.

Where a straight line of beauty had been promised, Mrs. Chaplin's nose fell into lumps and unexpected dips. She was operated upon three times. She suffered for weeks, after which she sued the surgeon who had performed the operation for one hundred thousand dollars, charging that she had been permanently disfigured. Then she went to Doctor Balsinger to see if he could save anything.

Lucille Carlisle, who was Larry Semon's leading lady for a number of years, suffered an infection after she had her nose remodeled. After weeks of illness, Miss Carlisle's new nose mended.

A good screen face is worth a fortune. Hollywood is willing to gamble, backing the plastic surgeon against nature.

THE END

INTERVIEWING the INSIGNIFICANT

Dorothya La Veneer

By LILLIAN DAY

"Most Women Are Born Gold Diggers," Says Fair New York Butterfly, "And the Rest Achieve It."

Pictures by EDWARD RYAN

"BEFORE you are murdered," I suggested tactfully, "I should like to get your views on the Teapot Dome affair."

"I never drink tea," objected Miss La Veneer, formerly one of the Scandals and well known to the public thoroughfares, as she reclined against a background of mauve cushions spotted with henna in her luxurious apartment of two rooms-kitchenette-and-bath-on-the-floor-below in West Forty-seventh street. (I should put in the number, but I know the editor would delete it.)

"Perhaps you smoke, then?" offering her my cigarets.

"Thanks," she said, filling her cigaret case. "That is one of my bad habits. You know, I always tell my friends to be suspicious of a woman with no bad habits. She is trying to rope them into matrimony."

"Don't you believe in matrimony?"

"I'll say so, dearie. All our best men are married. It does wonders for them," said she, taking a chocolate from the Louis Gans table at her dimpled elbow. (She explained that the table was named after its donor.)

"Tell me, Miss La Veneer, are you interested in politics? Do you belong to any particular party?"

"Particular is right, dearie; you said a faceful."

"I mean how do you vote, and why?"

"Not at all. I haven't time; I'm too busy."

"Busy?" I registered surprise with my eyebrows. "I didn't know you worked."

"Ha, ha," she laughed. Her laugh was a delicious silver ripple, like a train crossing a trestle. "Ha, ha! That is the mistake you white-collar women make, thinking we don't work. I have to have three clay packs a week, to say nothing of massage and eyebrows. It isn't the initial cost of a face so much as the upkeep. Say, dearie, have you tried 'La Moor Fluctuating Rouge'?"

I hadn't, and wasn't particularly interested.

"To what do you attribute your success?" I inquired to change the subject.

"To hard work and more or less clean living," she responded, skillfully mixing herself a mint julep. "My physician has prescribed mint for the breath," she explained. "Where were we? Oh, yes, speaking of my success. All my life I have asked myself 'What is this power men have over me?'"

I TOOK the liberty of inquiring into her plans for the future.

"I never think of the future," she said, a note of sadness creeping into her voice. "Only of the presents. And speaking of presents, I always say it isn't the thought, but the intrinsic value, that really matters, don't you think?"

"You show a rare perception for one of your many years," I said admiringly. "Where did you get your education?" (The "if any" was *sine voce*.)

"In the hard-boiled school of Life," she replied, shedding a tear into the plate of noodle soup the colored maid had brought. "Alas! All is not gold that jingles!"

"Tell me something of your childhood," I ventured.

"There is nothing to tell," she said as she dropped belladonna into her eyes with a platinum dropper. "I was the child of an Italian count and an English actress. My father lost his fortune and died of grief. I——"

"Come, come," I protested. "That's an interesting story; now tell me the truth."

"The truth isn't a bit interesting. But getting down to brass, as I usually do, my parents were neither rich nor poor, but respectable. I was born on Columbus Avenue, went to grammar school. I hated school, so I quit at fourteen and went to work, but I hated work worse . . ."

The maid interrupted this fascinating narrative to announce the hairdresser.

"All right, Jazzamine, tell him to wait," and turning to me: "You'll have to excuse me, dearie. Do come again real soon. Say, tell me something, between you and I. Which do you think lasts longer, a marcel or a round wave?"

I told her I knew nothing of the subject.

"You look it, dearie, you look it. And say, I can trust you to keep this out of the papers?" she added, thrusting a few photographs of herself into my hand.

She escorted me to the door herself, keeping the hairdresser waiting.

"Have you a two dollar bill, dearie?"

I regretted I only had a five.

"That will do just as well; better, in fact," said she, snatching it daintily and thrusting it down the neck of her pink georgette negligée, which I forgot to mention because I hadn't noticed it at first.

"Do come again, dearie, and let me show you my collection of autographs. Some of them are on photos, but I prefer them on checks myself. Good-by, Miss—er—what was the name? Oh, yes, Day. I can't remember names, but I never forget a face. Especially one like yours, dearie!"

THE END

"I have to have three clay packs a week, to say nothing of massage and eyebrows. It isn't the initial cost of a face so much as the upkeep."

LIBERTY'S EMPIRE OF PRODUCTION—III

How has Liberty been able to achieve its amazing popularity?

TO LAUNCH a national weekly with a half million guaranteed circulation to start; to increase that guaranteed sale within three months to 600,000; to guarantee 700,000 by December 31, 1924; to say with certainty that 1,000,000 will be reached in 1925—these require not editorial ability alone — tremendous material resources are requisite!

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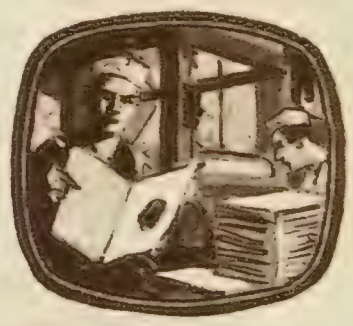

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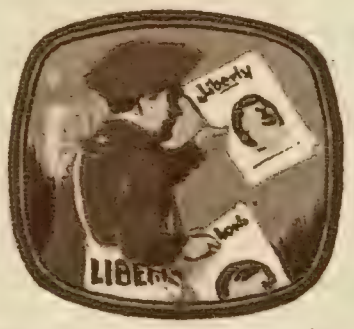

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Liberty authors are chosen from the foremost in the world—

The work of the artist and author is splendidly co-ordinated—

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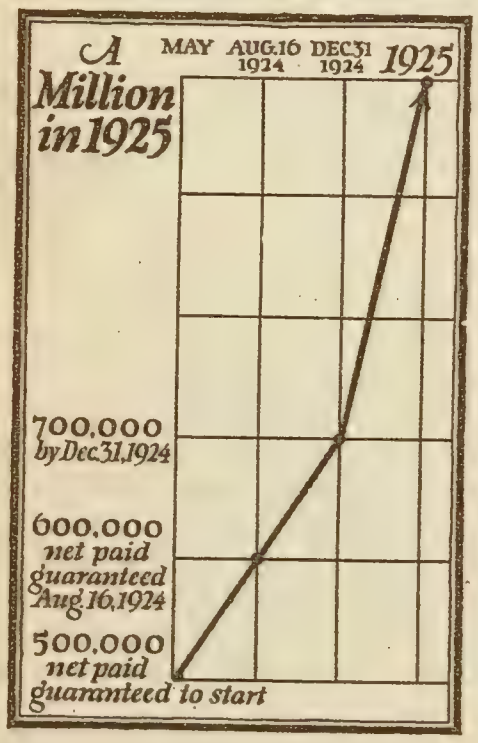

Liberty started with 500,000 net paid circulation, and lived up to it; 600,000 was guaranteed August 16, and excess delivered; 700,000 is guaranteed by December 31, 1924, and 1,000,000 will be reached in 1925!

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

A Million in 1925!

KING *of the* CAMPUS

Final Installment of a Serial Story

By
HORATIO WINSLOW

MEMORIES Crowd Upon Buck Haskins and Send Him Flying to Vera—with Unexpected Results

Pictures by
B. H. CLARK

BUCK HASKINS, who tells the story, has been "the biggest man in college." He is an "Admirable Crichton"—an all around genius, jack-of-all-trades, master of none. After trying many other fields of endeavor, he makes a spectacular failure as a writer of musical comedy.

VERA THORPE is a beautiful girl who expected to share Buck's "brilliant future." Unblinded by his love to his own grievous shortcomings, Buck realizes that Vera loves him for what she thinks he is. The musical comedy failure fails to impress her, but Haskins frankly refuses to go on with play writing and to marry her. Chagrined, she bitterly denounces him. He goes abroad.

LORD ELGIN (as he is known) becomes Buck's friend in Paris, shows him many phases of life there, and helps him toward making something of a success of himself. Unluckily, Haskins, drunkenly seeking praise for his lost Vera, fancies himself insulted by Lord Elgin, and a rather ridiculous duel breaks up their friendship, which is renewed by letter after Buck returns to America—renewed too late, for Lord Elgin dies in the Great War.

Said Lord Elgin: *"Jules Verne tells of a lake below the freezing point which continued fluid until the water was disturbed. Then it froze in half a second. Well, the Admirable Crichton is just like this lake—reversibly speaking. He thinks himself rigid, solid, frozen: but a little shock and—splash! there goes Crichton all melted up into blue water and rippling away in thirty-two different and distinct directions."*

BEHOLD the Admirable Crichton still playing the acrobat, maintaining himself adroitly on the top of this whirling sphere. In his amateurishness he had acquired a skill almost professional.

To descend from figures to facts, on this particular June day Crichton is seated in a large but inadequately furnished office on the third floor of a New York theatrical building.

He is there because he has an idea for promoting popular priced grand opera, and he counts on succeeding in spite of Mr. Hammerstein. At present he is perfecting the details and lining up some probable patrons.

For the moment the Admirable Crichton has his feet on his desk, and in this attitude of amiable relaxation he is expounding to a friend the theory of Crichtons.

"They say to us that, unstable as water, we needn't expect to excel. They tell us that at our birth the bad fairy blighted the gifts of the good fairies by saying, 'Yes, you'll have all the talents, but you'll never be able to do anything with any of them.'"

The friend politely remonstrates.

"Oh, it's true. But why pity the Crichton family? Do you suppose the only pleasure in life comes from being a specialist and knowing all there is to know about faking Chinese porcelain or selling stoves to Middle Western dealers? There are compensations. If Mr. Crichton doesn't make a fortune out of any one thing, at least he does much better at his given occupation than the next fellow.

"And then the change. Don't tell me that the man in the street wouldn't like to be a scientist and an athlete and a financier and a novelist all rolled into one neat package. It's the grief of his life that he has to stick to a mediocre job that's stopped interesting him. Maybe my medals are minus but just the same I've dragged a pretty good time out of this wicked world. No long waits between

Vera peered out at me from behind that photograph and her eyes were wet with tears.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

acts. I haven't spent my life picking oakum and looking out of the barred window."

The Admirable Crichton admits the postman, who presents him with a society weekly and a half dozen letters. He suffers the interruption gracefully. He is absolute master of himself. And why should it be otherwise? Has he not by his own skill and energy conquered a place on the top of the world? Has he not so revised the law of gravitation that he can perch indefinitely on the revolving globe and keep six plates in the air while a billiard cue, two champagne goblets, a Japanese umbrella, and a lighted lamp balance above his head, while his eyes are blindfolded?

He continues his inimitable dissertation.

"Look at me. I'm a little past thirty-five and I haven't four thousand dollars in the world. But I'm like a king and I expect to go on living that way. I'm glad things have turned out so. If it's the life of old John D. Grubber for results in the dollar column it's the life of A. Crichton for results in living. I'm satisfied."

Mechanically he flapped open the society weekly.

It is a publication he takes for strictly business reasons: the people who figure in its pages are the sort who can be induced to uplift the proletariat by means of Grand Opera. Abruptly his eyes fix on a small paragraph in a column labeled "Chicago Notes."

And in that instant the Admirable Crichton has stopped his acrobatics and his juggling. His plates have smashed; the lighted lamp has slid off the billiard cue; and, instead of being any longer on the top of the world, Crichton, like the humblest of the untalented herd, is sliding down, down into the hopper below.

His temperament has played it on him again.

And all because a good looking Chicago woman is going to marry a wealthy Chicago man.

But to drop the third person.

Vera peered out at me from behind that photograph and her eyes were wet with tears.

Vera: and at the thought of Vera, strengthened by the sight of this wretched definite news of Vera, all my values changed. My brave words of a little before, I perceived, were words only.

"DUST and ashes," I groaned when I was once more by myself, "dust and ashes. A life . . . is this a life I've been leading? Boarding house and hotels and the warmest welcome from the man or woman expecting the biggest tip. I haven't lived; I've existed. Why wouldn't I have her when she was willing to have me? Why didn't I send for her when I was in Paris? I have a right to a home," I announced aloud. "A right to a home."

Tipping back in the swivel chair I became speculative.

"Why hasn't she married before? Plenty of offers—no doubt about that. She's been waiting for someone—for me . . . yes, she's been waiting for me. Now suppose—suppose——"

I brought the chair to vertical.

"Well, why not? I'm ready to settle down. I know what's what. And by this time she must have found out something about money and interesting people and salons. I've got over three thousand. To the devil with this roving life. I'll land some kind of a job and stick. I can stick—if I want to. She mustn't marry this other fellow . . . banker . . . old man, of course. Probably has white mutton-chop whiskers. He isn't good enough for her. Well, maybe I'm not, either, but she's going to marry me just the same. That's settled."

Ten minutes later I had taken the first steps toward getting rid of my office. Within twenty-four hours I had given the *coup de grace* to the grand opera venture, a simple killing, for it was still in the egg, and had boarded the flyer for the West.

The train pulled into Chicago on the minute. I drove to the hotel and copied the note I had already written, rewritten, and rewritten again. Then, unable to wait for the afternoon, I started for the Thorpes' at once. I held the envelope in my hand; it seemed too sacred to stuff away in a pocket.

A prim-mouthed maid opened the door. Was Miss Thorpe in? Yes, Miss Thorpe was in: card, please. (She was there—near me—perhaps in the next room. My voice trembled over my commonplace answer.) No card, but would she please give this note to Miss Thorpe? She would. There was the sound of precise and measured footfalls on the stairs.

I had written Vera's name on the envelope in a handwriting which I had made as characteristic as possible. Before she opened it she would know the identity of the sender.

THE stairs creaked. I faced about, clenched my hands, then, with an effort, opened them and waited for the shock.

It came. In my life I have had my share of disagreeable surprises. I have been hit on the solar plexus by Kid McCoy; I have tumbled a hundred and fifty feet down an Alpine slope, and at the end of three days of lost-in-the-woods hunger I have seen my last cartridge miss fire.

But all these were winter evening recreations compared with what happened in the little music room.

It was not Vera on the stairs; it was the maid. She held my note in her left hand and I could see that it had not been opened.

She came within distance, thrust the envelope gingerly toward my midriff and, unbuttoning her tight little mouth, said, "Miss Thorpe wishes you to understand that she will not be able to see you today nor——" Pause for the full dramatic effect —"at any other time. Miss Thorpe says you'll find it much pleasanter outside than here in the house."

How I got out of that music room and gained the sidewalk and what I did immediately after—I don't remember.

Said Lord Elgin: *"The best a Crichton can expect out of this life is a draw. But if he finishes the last round still on his feet and fighting he's pretty sure to get the newspaper decision."*

AN interval of forty-eight hours followed and on the bed of that Chicago hotel I flattened out and tried to think. For about nine years, I realized, I had been sustained and soothed by a vague feeling that the parting hadn't been final and that some day Vera and I were destined to kiss and make up and live happily ever after. And now this beautiful illusion had been smashed.

I perceived that I was becoming an old and battered adventurer destined to be shoved aside by newer and more capable Crichtons.

But the evil day is not to be staved off by mournful reflection. Man must act. Should I go back to the metropolis? Definitely not. The inevitable finish of the metropolitan Crichton rose clear and bleak against the skyline.

Then where? The roving life was as bad and I couldn't live in a small town—not after New York, Paris, ocean liners, and hotels on the Riviera. Of course, I'd been brought up in a small town, but——

Moved by a sudden impulse I got the clerk on the phone.

"Can you send out and get a copy of a newspaper from a small town; something say with ten thousand inhabitants or thereabouts?"

"Wha-a-at?" he shouted, and I explained.

There was a pause; evidently he was resigning himself to the fact that in the hotel business every hour brings one into contact with a fresh species of idiot.

"Well," he said finally, "I think I know where maybe I can get you one. You say any small town will do? I'll send it up."

I don't know where he laid hands on the paper; certainly it wasn't a newsstand specimen. Maybe he had it in his pocket, a product of his own home town. Hotel clerks are not

With a fishpole and a can of bait I ranged the countryside—not fishing much, but clarifying my ideas about Vera and myself and the rest of the world.

all born in marble halls—appearance to the contrary.

At any rate, by the bellboy it came—a perfect sample of the small town daily.

I'VE forgotten its name; I've forgotten the community that gave it birth; but I know it was exactly like thousands of its twin brothers that you can buy six times a week in every home town north of the Rio Grande. And I'm sure that George B. Stamper figures in every one of them.

I wasn't looking for George. I'd never considered him in my plan of life. In fact I wasn't really aware of his existence. I'd sent for the paper because I wanted to size up the small town with some first hand evidence. And presently George appeared—conspicuous, omnipresent, undodgeable.

He began on the first page, where he was hailed as our public-spirited fellow citizen, George B. Stamper, talked of as a candidate for alderman in the Third Ward. On page two an advertisement made it clear that George was the proprietor of a concern dealing in cheese and dairy supplies. But the same page also showed that he had been among those actively present at the last meeting of the school board and that, with his wife, jolly George Stamper was going to chaperon a camping party at Eagle Lake, and that Leonard Brothers had been awarded the contract for putting the plumbing in G. B. Stamper's new residence on Grove Street.

On the third and fourth pages I gathered that George was to make the address of welcome at the Country Cheesemakers' Convention; that he was back of the movement to build a public bathhouse; that he was chairman of the Fourth of July Celebration Committee, and that his son, George B. Stamper, Junior, aged fifteen, had accepted a position for the summer in the Merchants and Farmers' National Bank. The night before there had been a lawn social at the Presbyterian Church and the popularity contest had been won by—you guessed it—George B. Stamper.

FOR a solid minute I stared with a wild surprise, like Cortez (see Keats) silent upon a peak in Darien.

"You poor chump," I told myself, "here is the way out. Lord Elgin missed a bet. What's the difference between George B. Stamper in his home town and Buck Haskins in college? Both of 'em obviously have initiative and ability and neither of 'em do any specializing.

"Here is your game," I went on sternly. "All is not lost. Dare to be a Stamper. Why, you infernal lunkhead, suppose you made all the money and cornered all the fame in the world—do you suppose you'd be half as happy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Dictograph Products Corporation
Suite 1309-L Candler Bldg.
220 W. 42nd St., New York

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

as old George B. Stamper in his home town? Pick the place; go there, take things easy; don't specialize; squash all facile and early enthusiasms; then when you see some business that suits you, buy an interest in it and tie yourself fast to that business and that town by every rope end in sight."

There were a half dozen states in the Union that I'd seen and liked. I wrote their names on separate slips of paper and, shutting my eyes, chose one. Next, with an atlas, I listed all the cities in the selected state which had more than five thousand population and less than twenty thousand. I chose again.

Then I took a long breath. I'd fixed on my town and it was one whose name I'd never seen nor heard.

"Well," I said to myself, "here goes. Now for a time-table."

By happy chance the train which carried me conveyed also a most profitable old gentleman. He was not stupid, that old gentleman, but he was "sot." He left one in no doubt that his right was the only right and his wrong the only wrong and that he belonged to the best (and perhaps the only) church, lodge, and political party operating in these United States.

The peculiar benefit, however, that I drew from the old gentleman was a definite urge toward a family. His little sermon was to the general effect that in this life the only things which mark the difference between success and failure is children. To clinch his argument he pulled out a rubber-banded wallet and from it extracted a yellow scrap of paper.

I HAVE no illusions about writers; I've known some of them. No doubt the lines the old gentleman recited were scribbled off by a soured boarding-house bachelor grumbling weakly about the baby on the floor above. But whoever is or was the poet I hereby extend to him my gratitude.

Said the last stanza, as nearly as I can remember it:

Your home and your children
mean worry and care;
They wrinkle your brow and
they whiten your hair;
There's plenty of trouble and
torment about 'em,
But once you have tried 'em
you can't do without
'em. . . .

Without being a beauty spot my town revealed itself as a lot pleasanter place than I'd expected or deserved. At first sight I liked it; swore to become a part of it—to hitch myself there and to stay hitched. But at the same time I laid out a careful program of all the admirable things recommended by Benjamin Franklin and other masters of efficiency and which I swore I should not touch nor taste nor handle in any form.

I loafed. It took an effort to loaf. It would have been much easier to start in somewhere busy as a red ant. But I loafed. With a fish pole and a can of bait I ranged the countryside, not fishing much, but clarifying my ideas about Vera and myself and the rest of the world. And sometimes I didn't "set and think—I just set."

It was three months before I stumbled across Pete, who proved to be the very man I'd been looking for. Honest as daylight and with a promising business that called for more capital, Pete needed me as much as I needed him. I told Pete I was recovering from a severe nervous shock; needed rest; and couldn't play an active part in the business till later.

"That's all right," Pete said. "Take your time." And I did.

I let six months go by before I told Pete that I felt well enough to work half days. Two years later I was on the job full time and I've been there ever since. I take a legitimate pride in our gold-leaf sign, "Peterson and Haskins."

CONFIDENTIALLY, I don't mind admitting that our business doesn't demand as much attention as a steam shovel and working "all day" (at least as I do) is well within the limits of any Crichton. My job in the store doesn't monopolize my attention and Pete lets me zigzag as I please.

The business has prospered. Once or twice, in spite of myself, I've figured out little ideas that have brought in returns; Pete is childlike in his regard for my "genius." And, lying fallow in the back of my brain is a plan I'm sure is practicable and which would roll Pete and me into high-water prosperity—if I could give it a hundred per cent horse power for two years.

But I can't. It's as impossible now as when I was twenty-three. We must continue jogging along.

Though my job has done me a lot of good it's been only a small part of the medicine chest.

During my third year in town I married. I had rounded thirty-eight; my wife was on the edge of thirty. Her expectations weren't overweening; she was glad to get me; I was not only glad, but double dashed lucky to get her.

Under her impulse I've reorganized the local dramatic society and added a public speaking class; I've managed the town baseball team and promoted an annual "Art Loan" exhibition; I've galvanized the choral union into life, and, in spite of stiffening joints, I've taught wrestling to the high school football squad.

In addition to these activities, plus two terms on the board of aldermen and the chairmanship of the drive for Goodwill Hospital, I've worked myself baldheaded for My Church, My Lodge, and My Party.

Thanks to my wife, I have become, if I may say so without boasting, the George B. Stamper of My Town.

AND I like My Town. This last is a good deal of an admission for an Admirable Crichton, but it's true; I like My Town. Though how could I help some such feeling when I have become as integral and deep-rooted a part of the landscape as Doctor Hutton with his little old-fashioned black bag or the big elm in front of the Methodist Church?

The other day Pete said to me, "This place is getting full of strangers. Old-Timers like you and me are scarce as hen's teeth."

It made me feel good. In My Town I'm an Old-Timer—a staid and respectable pillar of society and no nonsense about him.

My wife and I are the complacent parents of three children, who (thank Heaven!) take after their mother. Next year we are going to park them with a good-natured aunt and spend the summer abroad. Pete's willing and the family bank account can stand the strain.

And here, perhaps, is where this autobiography—these rough notes of an experiment in the fine art of living—ought to come to an end.

Something like this: . . .

Or like this: * * *

Or even like this: ! ! !

But Vera.

Two weeks ago my younger boy brought home some re-soled shoes wrapped in a Chicago newspaper. It was the Sunday society section and there, dazzling in her Marie Antoinette costume, was Vera. As the patroness of some gigantic costume ball she shone all over the front page. It seemed to me that she lit the dull ink with her radiance.

Vera! If she counts as I do she must have forty-three years well behind her; but she looks much younger—indeed as ravishing as ever. She has two children and a husband of her own age who is much in love with her. They have a country home and a cottage by the sea; they go to New York during the season and they tour Europe in their automobile.

Perhaps I'm wrong, but I'm inclined to believe that the Veras as well as the Crichtons must always sit at the second table of life. And when they don't they repent at leisure, knowing neither home nor happiness.

Home. Happiness. . . . There are two commodities with which the market has never been glutted.

Can't a man who has attained one and the other even in a moderate degree afford to throw out his chest and brag a bit? Ho, hum! Maybe I'll go to that class reunion after all.

THE END

VARIED GARMENTS BOTH MODISH AND EASY TO MAKE

By PATRICIA

IT is well to choose one's underapparel with the utmost care, for if it is not form-fitting and comfortable you cannot expect to attain the perfect ensemble you desire. With an undergarment like No. 1857 there is no unsightly bunchiness to mar the straight silhouette. You can make combination No. 1857 in white or flesh cotton, radium silk, crêpe de Chine or lingette. The pattern is obtainable in sizes 36, 40, and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 2¼ yards of 36 or 40-inch material are required.

A delightful exponent of the popular tunic dress is design No. 2193. It can be made entirely in a dark twill, rep, kasha, poplin, or one of the new ribbed silks and trimmed with a gay border like the one shown. Or the upper part of the dress might be of satin with the underskirt of a woolen material. Pattern No. 2193 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3¾ yards of 40-inch material, with 1¾ yards of 32-inch lining for the upper part of the underskirt, are required.

The coat-dress of heavy crêpe, ribbed silk, or wool is popular. The mode is a becoming one to most figures, which probably accounts for its extensive approval. A bit of becoming fullness is added to the waist by means of a simulated yoke. Design No. 2208 is equally distinctive whether made with the long, close-fitting sleeves or with those of seven-eighths length and flared. You can obtain a pattern in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3¾ yards of 40-inch material are required.

Graceful lines and the use of plaits make junior model No. 2201 distinctive. One of the new plaid woolens or taffetas would be exceedingly smart for it. Kasha, jersey, or serge might also be used. Silk crêpe and wash cottons, such as gingham, linen, and cotton broadcloth, can be used, too. The pattern for No. 2201 can be had in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. In the 8-year size, 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material are required.

Any number of attractive aprons can be cut from pattern No. 2214, using different materials for each, of course. There are only two pieces to the pattern, for the apron cuts entirely in one, with an extra piece for the capacious pocket. The pattern can be had in sizes small, medium, and large. In the medium size, 2 yards of 36 or 40-inch material are required.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

THE NEW AUTUMN SPORTS CLOTHES by Corinne Lowe

I AM writing this week about sports clothes. Today the average woman, whether she be flapper or grandmother, needs this type of wear. Sports clothes are almost as important for autumn and winter as they are for summer. What with football games, week-end country house parties, country club affairs, et cetera, we can hardly escape the expense of this item.

Fortunately for our pocketbooks there are numerous types of sports frocks which look quite as well at the luncheon table of the city restaurant as they do at the out-door game. To this group belongs the model illustrated at the lower right. Here is a tunic-frock. Also, one made of kasha. Also, one exploiting plaid. All three are significant of the mood of the mode.

That we have made a kasha deposit—yes, there can be no doubt of this. Of all the fabrics which go toward the making of the autumn sports clothes this is of outstanding importance. It is both plain and patterned, and it has as many different finishes as the product of a girls' fashionable school. These finishes go by many different names, but underneath them all lurks our devotion to kasha.

Then as to plaids. Surely our hearts are in the Highlands and we don't mind wearing them on our sleeves—or on any other portions of our anatomy. For separate skirts, for coats, for trimming or combination purposes—the plaid is the first thought. Stripes are also admitted to fashionable consciousness, but their vogue is not nearly so pronounced as is that of the cross-barred pattern. Various two-tone effects are noted—such as light gray with dark gray, tan with dark brown, and light green with dark green—but there are also to be found the rich tartan hues of some klan.

The plaid coat-dress is still an element of fashion and one which may be adapted to either sports or street wear, but undoubtedly its popularity has yielded somewhat to the tunic type such as we picture here. Who can regret that this be so, for an all-plaid costume is a bit too much and the tunic encourages always some combination of plain and patterned fabric. Either the skirt is plain and the tunic cross-barred or vice versa.

A last word concerns hats. The most favored type of sports millinery is, of course, felt. And the most favored form of felt is the high-crowned affair with the brim turned up sharply in the back. Illustration on this page.

Playing the whole set—that is the accomplishment of the ensemble sports costume of kasha with its coat of navy lined in the plaid forming the frock. Next, a tailored suit in dark gray Oxford cloth illustrates the new vogue of the peplum jacket.

Playing the match—that is the accomplishment of a knitted jumper of brick red when it matches the red in a skirt of kasha plaid. Binding and front flap of the jumper are of crêpe de Chine.

Playing in tunic—that is the accomplishment of this frock for sports or street wear, which poses a plaid kasha tunic over a black kasha skirt. The new wing collar and tie are of black silk.

STRANGEST COLLEGE in the U. S.

By

ANGELO PATRI

Arthur E. Morgan, President of Antioch College, engineer and builder of the Miami River dam.

HERE at Last, We Are Told, Is a College That Successfully Blends Theory and Practice in Its Six Year Course---Where Students Study for Five Weeks and Then Go to Work for a Similar Period.

One of the buildings at Antioch College.

ANGELO PATRI is one of the best known educators in New York City. He received his degree of Bachelor of Arts from the College of the City of New York in 1897, and the degree of Master of Arts from Columbia University in 1904. He began his chosen vocation of teaching in the public schools in 1897, and has been principal of several leading public schools in New York City.

His experience in the public schools has put him in touch with all classes of society and he has that rare faculty of seeing all sides of a problem, and knowing the child's viewpoint, the teacher's and the parent's. His articles on educational topics in magazines and his daily newspaper contributions have made him a recognized authority. He also has written a number of books besides a volume of essays on Americanism.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE of Yellow Springs, Ohio, is pioneering in education, although it was founded in 1853. A great engineer turned educator has breathed new life into its fine old frame, set a new mark, inspired a firmer faith. He believes that a college which confines its life to books and wraps itself in the atmosphere of the cloister is but half a college. The other half lies outside its walls, wrapped in the experiences with people, their ways and their working.

Arthur E. Morgan, president of Antioch, is the lean, keen worker whom some of us educators like to consider the flower of American culture. He commands our respect and appreciation because he has proven his power to serve and to lead with rare vision.

You remember the Dayton flood? The Miami River rose in flood and swept the valley. When it sank again within its bed whole towns and cities were left desolate and mourning. Mr. Morgan was the engineer who constructed the series of dams which make it impossible for such a catastrophe to fall again upon that valley.

He built himself into the project. One looks at the valley's beautiful slopes covered with young trees, in themselves a glory and a promise, at the great volume of water thundering down its directed course, robbed of its terror and endowed with a throbbing beauty, and thinks, "Surely a giant passed this way."

The scientist guided the laborer. The dam is safe because it was builded on tested truth. Nature has been charmed and disarmed by science that her children may live in peace.

The responsibility of the work was carried with a fine sense of duty and high courage that could rise only from a deep understanding of people and their ways and needs. The politicians and the laborers, the engineers and commissioners, the folk who lived in the little villages and had to be moved, the altruists and the opportunists, the teachers and the children, everybody whose life touched the life of the valley, contributed toward making the engineering of the human problem as intricate as that of the material.

THE work stands perfected, the expression of the broad knowledge and interests of its builder, the man who is now hoping to do for the youth of the land something like what he did for the people of the devastated valley. He is putting into the task the same spirit of service, the high ideals of conduct, the understanding, and the love. He would guide and conserve youth, bringing order and beauty out of turbulence and waste and bending power toward the service of the community.

The usual school trains specialists. This one aims to train generalists who will specialize in the fine art of living, people who will know their own field in terms of all others touching it. Remember the dam and all it involved in science and labor and art and language and people and people and people?

The student who knows only what the book or the teacher tells him will find many a gap to fill when he goes out to put his learning into doing. He may be trained, but he is not educated. For that he must go among men and share their struggle to master the forces

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

of life; eat with them, sleep and work and play and dream with them.

"My lad came home from college thinking he was ready to work and took charge of one of the new buildings. The first day I felt that something was wrong and by the third day I *knew* there was something very wrong. So did he," Casey said.

"Either there's too many men or too few wheelbarrows," says he.

"Nayther," says Casey. "What for did ye not use the steam shovel I sint ye? And whoever told ye to blast that shale? Stuff soft enough to spoon out? And whatever in the world made ye let thim spill all the tools about with niver a care for this or for that?"

It wasn't that the lad didn't know about such things, but with so much coming at once and with no experience—do you see? Swamped him. The colleges are good, but they stop half way. The lads need to *do* something. It's doing something and standing up to the responsibility that sets the jaw and builds up the courage in you. There's nothing *doing* in the colleges, do you see?

AT Antioch there is something doing. The student is expected to have a real job, the sort that begins when the whistle blows and ends when the foreman says so, no favors granted and none expected. He and his partner alternate in putting in five weeks on the job and five weeks in the classroom. Knowledge gained in study is sifted through experiences, and only what comes through clean is worth while.

At this college work has an equal value with study. It is taught as a means toward physical and spiritual freedom. The student does not retire from life while he studies: he goes into the thick of it and studies. He ought to come out with all the power and courage of the self-made man and all the culture and spirituality of the old style college man. To accomplish this double aim both sides of the course, study and industry, must balance.

When industry left the home for the factory a blight fell upon work because it had lost its creative spirit. While a man works out his own idea, after his own method and for a common good, he is supremely happy. It is only when the hand and the spirit are working at odds that work loses its joy.

Shortening the working hours, painting the walls of the factory, raising the wages will not assuage the unrest that such imposed labor brings. Nothing but the restoration of the creative spirit, the giving spirit, will do this. In Antioch and its head I glimpse that vision. Talking about his plans, he said in effect:

"There are in every big town a few men who hold the key positions. If they use their power for selfish ends they do incalculable harm to those dependent upon them, and so to the nation. If they use their power for the common good they become true leaders."

HE wants to send out of Antioch young men and women with that actuating motive, inspiring them to serve their day. By their leadership, born of experience, enriched by culture, salted and seasoned by contacts with people, they will go out and once more put the creative fire into the work of the world.

Such is the vision as I see it shining through the plans of this old-new college. For six years the students live there, working five weeks within the college and then five outside its walls, working at the job of their choice. They may need the money they earn to pay their way. That is not the essential point of the working.

They work to get the feel of work and workers; to achieve the experiencing sort of mind that discovers and reflects and judges and acts upon first hand information gathered from as wide a field as possible to gather the spiritual force of courage that comes from undertaking a task and carrying it through unaided by the governing mind of another.

Courage is sureness of strength, the certainty of tested power. There is but one way to get it—through real work. There is but one place to get it—in the workaday world with those who work.

"How was I to know that Casey was going to get mad because I ordered the pick handles painted red? Did I know that the architect was going to blow up because I wanted a couple of lions at the front entrance? I didn't know that the fellow with the cigaret was the union leader. And the old party in the battered hat. Who'd ever guess that he was such a pepper pot? All because I asked him what he was doing with the pipes. How'd I know who he was or what he was doing? If I'd known that building was like this I'd——"

But that is what building is and that is what every other business in the world is—work tied up with the history and the art and religion and whimsies and tastes and ideals of all those who touch it. To learn to work effectively, and that means to live effectively, one must serve his time where work and workeries are—in the street and the shop and the laboratory and mill and docks and hospitals—everywhere—follow life and dip into it at its full. Then will one be truly educated.

Six years of life at Antioch with its five weeks in and five weeks out, term after term, ought to give such an education. Its graduates ought to go out with their tools sharpened, their minds set toward a purpose, their nerves and muscles trained for immediate use. There should be none of the usual waste time between graduation and work because work and study have kept pace.

This is no country club for the graceful idler. He is not welcome. It is no home for the unfit. They may not enter. It is no nursery for the greedy ones who would corner knowledge in the spirit of competition. They would find themselves out of harmony with the tone of the place. It is no refuge for the dreamer and the visionary or the wordy theorist. A student is judged by his works.

Antioch is a place where young men and women who have a desire to fit themselves for administrative work, who wish to train themselves for leadership, who want to perform constructive service, can find inspiration and guidance and instruction.

Admission to Antioch depends upon the fitness of the candidate for self-direction and leadership. You may not have been graduated from high school and yet satisfy President Morgan that you are the sort of student he searches for. You may be a graduate of a first class institution and yet not measure up to his high standard. Only a rigid examination conducted on original lines decides your fitness for admission, but a fine record helps.

THE college places the students in the industries near by. Soon there will be established industries on the campus.

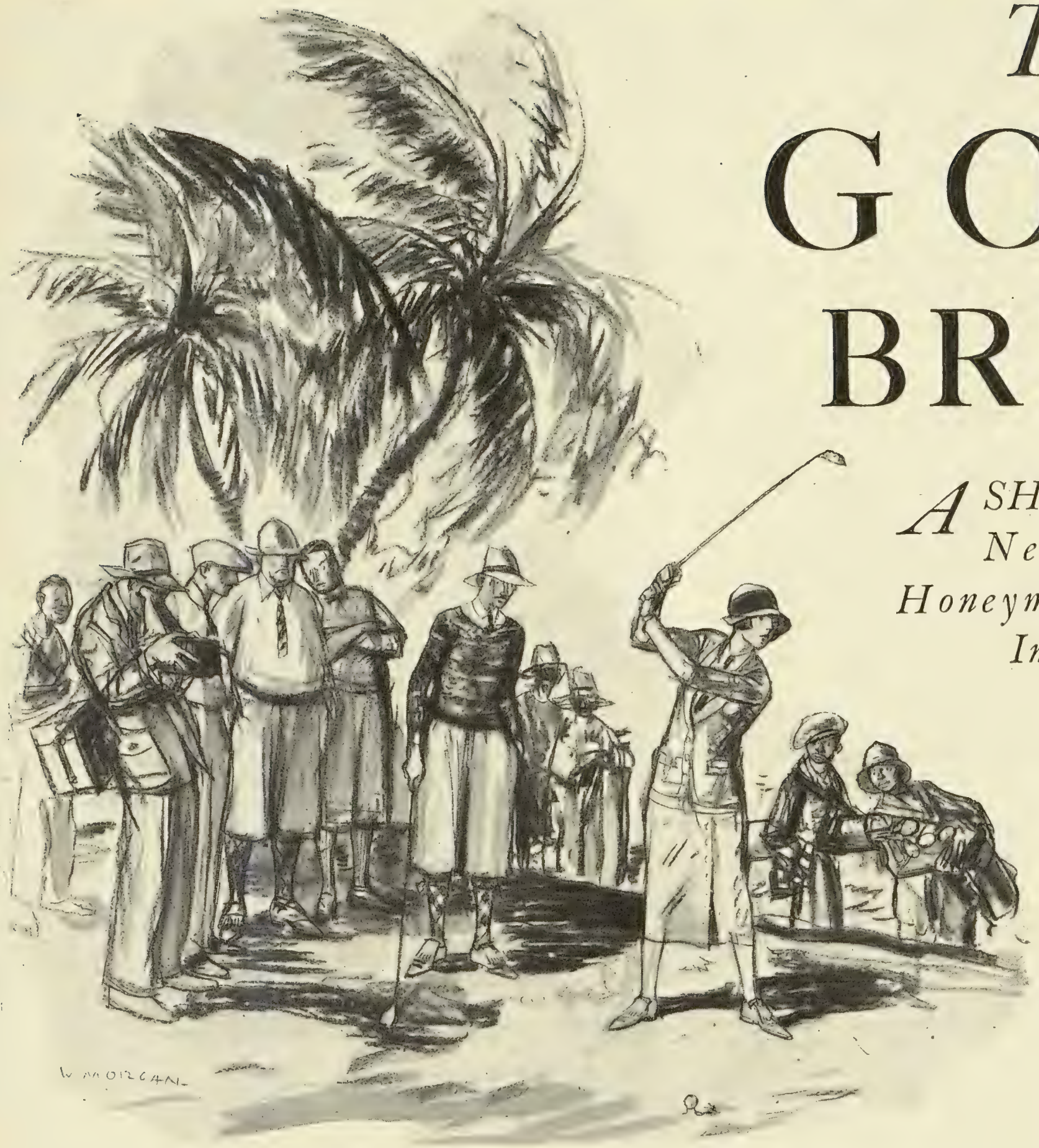
The maximum enrollment is to be fixed at six hundred. The college will be kept small so that individuals are known and developed. Leaders are not made in the mass.

The self-support of students is not essential, but the college prefers it. It is better to have the first year's tuition and expenses to start with, but the six year term permits a student to finish even if not ahead financially. Three hundred dollars ought to be the least a student should require the first year.

Upon graduation, the college hopes to advise students as to their future and guide them to the places where their leadership can best function.

The curriculum is that of a liberal arts college with the usual cultural courses enriched by practical application to industry. The standards of scholarship are high. When knowledge gained in the study is applied to industry in the sight of all men, a deep sense of responsibility accompanies it, a spiritual quality gained by the discipline of the struggle with actualities illumines it.

Another article telling of Antioch College, its aims and successful activities, will appear in an early issue of Liberty.



Then fixing both eyes on a distant fleecy cloud she took a tremendous swipe at the ball.

The GOLF BRIDE

A SHORT Story of Two Newlyweds and a Honeymoon Which Sliced Into the Rough

By ELISABETH COBB

Talented Daughter of Irvin S. Cobb

Picture by WALLACE MORGAN

THREE years ago on a glorious Florida morning the Rogerses arrived on the links for their very first golf game together. It was one of those mornings when the sea is so blue and the sky is so blue and the scent of the orange blossoms is so especially fragrant that nature invites one's soul to contemplation and to dream life. So all the nongolfers stay in the hotel, knitting, or playing mah jongg, or what have you? And all the golfers drive fiercely around the course with their inner and outer vision firmly held by a small but perverse ball.

The Rogerses were celebrating an anniversary. They had been married a week. Garbed and accoutered exceedingly sportily, they had planned a stiff eighteen hole match. The bride's clubs and the groom's face shone.

On the first tee they had their pictures taken. Mr. Rogers posed smilingly in the background, with his fair bride in front, jauntily straddle-legged, with a firm, or, as a keen observer might even say, a frantic grip on her brand new driver. The cute little club!

Mr. Rogers teed up the ball for her, elaborately patting the sand into a perfect little cone, placed the shiny new ball carefully on top, and stepped back with a prideful face.

"All set, darling?" he asked.

The bride grasped her driver even tighter and sidled toward the white ball like a nervous horse approaching a puddle. The interested gallery stopped talking.

She waggled her club tentatively for a minute or so and then stepped back for a few practice swings.

"Don't practice on the tee, dearest," said the groom.

"Oh, my goodness," cried the bride, "I wasn't hurting the old thing."

She advanced upon the ball again. Deciding that her grip wasn't right, she unlocked her hands from around the shank and then elaborately locked them around again just one-half inch farther down. She waggled the club once. She waggled it twice. She waggled it about thirty times, then, fixing both eyes on a distant fleecy cloud, she took a tremendous swipe at the ball. It didn't exactly jump, but it did flinch a little.

"Hard luck, dearest," said Mr. Rogers.

The bride untangled herself from her club, eyeing the ball reproachfully. Business of changing the grip again. Business of more waggling. Business of taking another swipe at the ball. A little clod of earth flew out in front and the ball gently rolled off its perch. Mr. Rogers retrieved it and set it back again. Three somber and businesslike gentlemen who had recently joined the gallery moaned a little. Another photographer hurried up and took her picture.

"Keep your eye on the ball, sweet," said the groom.

The bride laughed merrily.

"This time," she said, "this ball is going—somewheres!"

And she changed her grip back to its original position, refrained from waggling, kept her head down and her eye on the ball, and triumphantly drove it—twenty feet to the extreme right. The three somber gentlemen cheered.

Mr. Rogers, presenting the aforesaid somber gentlemen with the dirtiest look they probably ever received gratis, stepped jauntily up to his ball. He took an easy, supple swing, and the gallery stopped smiling. The boy looked pretty good. And then—when his club was just coming down for a snappy stroke—the bride sneezed, and the ball lodged in a cozy little bunker dead ahead.

"Oh, you bad baby, you!" said the groom. The three somber gentlemen cheered again.

The bride, nonchalantly ignoring those jaundiced souls savagely swinging their clubs behind her, strolled up to her ball, gave it a tap

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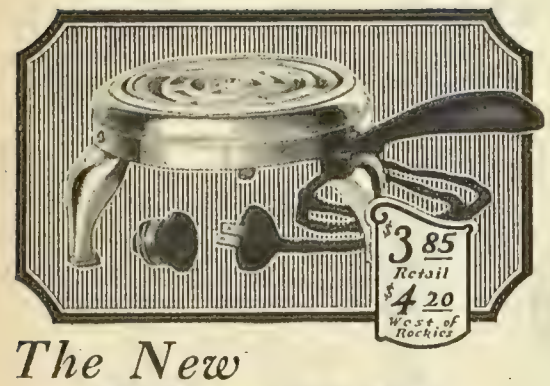

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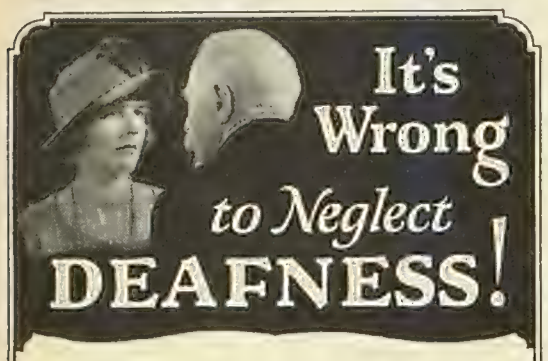

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SCIENCE'S NEW GIFT TO THE DEAF
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

in best croquet form, and watched it trickle out on the fairway some forty yards ahead.

"Oh, look at that one, darling!" she cried. "You see, I am not always so terrible. Why, I did that one the very first time!"

"That's perfectly slick, dear," said the groom, striding on to the bunker.

He was well poised for a light, deft stroke which would have lifted the ball well out and away, before she broke the peace with a giggle.

"Did you ever hear the story about the man trying to get out a bunker?" she asked, and told the story straight through. The groom and the ball and a geyser of sand climbed wearily out of the pit after nine attempts.

"You know, honey, the thing I love about you most, I think, is your perfectly marvelous sense of humor," said the groom.

They reached the edge of the green with an easy twelve for the groom and a telling fifteen for the bride, who looked a little drawn around the corners of the mouth.

"Now just watch me sink this apple, honey," said Mr. Rogers, measuring a long putt with a keen eye. "I'm a demon putter."

The bride ran across the green. Mr. Rogers missed. The ball gently rolled over the cup and far away.

"Look, darling," cried Mrs. Rogers, "here is a four-leaf clover! Wear it in your buttonhole and you will have a gorgeous score." The groom kissed her when they got behind the next bunker.

What a lovely game that was! They played five holes and the score was seventy-two to a hundred and six. But they strolled around with her hand and his clutched together in his pocket. And then the bride said:

"Darling, let's stop for the morning. I think it's too hot for golf. Let's go in swimming."

"Right," said the groom, without even a longing glance at the green fairways and beckoning flags. "It is hot. Let's go."

THAT was three years ago. Yesterday I walked around with the Rogerses while they played the tricky Apple Valley course. I went along under protest, for golf links these days are about as safe for the innocent bystander as No Man's Land was in 1918.

"Wonderful day for a game, isn't it, dear?" asked Mr. Rogers as we drove to the club from the "little white cottage," or suburban district to the wooded, rolling, or golf country.

Mrs. Rogers laughed, and although, in spite of writers' assertions that it is impossible to laugh bitterly, the keen ear detected bitterness in that laugh.

"I'll tell you if I think it is a nice day *after* we have played," she said.

Mr. Rogers visibly bristled. "Now just what do you mean by that?" he asked. But his wife merely smiled a mysterious smile, which made her look as though she had swallowed a safety pin and was reassuring herself that it was closed.

We had to wait quite a while at the first tee, for the links were crowded, while all the time more and more earnest players came pouring out of the club; young men in plus-plus-fours; older men in old clothes and old men in older clothes; matrons in tight sweaters, out for their figures' sake; girls in loose sweaters, out for their sporting reputations' sake.

"Think I'll drive first," said Mr. Rogers when their turn came. "We don't want to keep these people waiting, and you will fiddle-diddle around so much you get me half crazy, and then I play like a plumber—too."

"I do *not* fiddle-diddle around!" said Mrs. Rogers.

"My God, I'd like to know what you call it then!" said Mr. Rogers.

He teed up his ball, seized his driver, and, assuming a semi-crouching position, took a practice swing. I was behind him, but even from there he looked like some hunted thing, and the set of his shoulders proclaimed him determined—but apprehensive. Mrs. Rogers was still wearing the safety-pin smile.

Suddenly her husband gave a sort of pounce at the ball and hit it as quickly as he could. Then he seemed to breathe a trifle easier. But the ball soared up and up, and then, just when you began to think that it was doomed to flit away entirely, it fell about fifty yards ahead, barely safe on the fairway.

"Oh, *damn* it all!" said Mr. Rogers.

"Well, you can't blame that on *my* fiddle-diddling anyway," said his wife, rising from teeing her ball and dusting her hands on the back of her clean white skirt, a fair woman's invariable habit. "If you would swear less and play more you would probably do better." And she took a careless swing that sent the ball down the course for a hundred yards.

Their balls were so widely separated after their second shots that the happy pair were not within speaking distance until they both reached the green. And when the chances of the game brought them together again they both looked grim.

Mrs. Rogers putted first. Her ball was about ten feet from the cup, with a swift, downhill roll to the cup.

"Be careful," cautioned Mr. Rogers. "Don't try to knock it into the next county."

"You know," said Mrs. Rogers, "Henry talks to me when I'm on the links as though I were the world's complete nit-wit." And she gave the ball a vicious slap that carried it completely over the cup and off the green.

"I told you not to do tha——" began Mr. Rogers.

"Oh, shut *up*," said his wife.

Her husband bent over the ball without retorting, and gently sent it rolling into the cup.

"See!" he cried. "Harder this time. It has to come clear over the roll this time."

She barely tapped the ball with the side of her putter.

"Honestly, Elsie, what's the use of being such a fool about a little advice?" asked her husband.

"Oh, shut *up!*" said Elsie.

MR. ROGERS had won the first hole, nine to ten, and strode on to the next tee with a slight return of his old swagger. And this was the boy who used to break eighty regular! He teed up again and left off some part of the first apprehensive crouch. He was just at the top of his swing when Mrs. Rogers said to me:

"*How* do you get such a slick, even sunburn? I have been outdoors almost every day all summer and I am still just as *white!*"

Mr. Rogers sliced.

"You win," he said, in a voice choked with rage; and then he threw down his club and stamped on it. He picked it up and threw it down again. He swore. He danced with rage.

Well, they played eighteen holes, all right, without speaking to each other for seventeen of them.

That was yesterday.

Last night I lay awake thinking of the glorious games my husband and I had had in Florida last winter on *our* honeymoon. Of course, I really am *awful*, and I did sort of set him off his game—I'm afraid. Still we did have a lot of fun, anyway . . . and then I stole downstairs and I took my clubs, my cute little new clubs, and I locked them up and took the key and threw it out of the window.

Then I went back to bed and stopped dreaming about the Rogerses. And I think we are saved from a terrible fate.

THE END

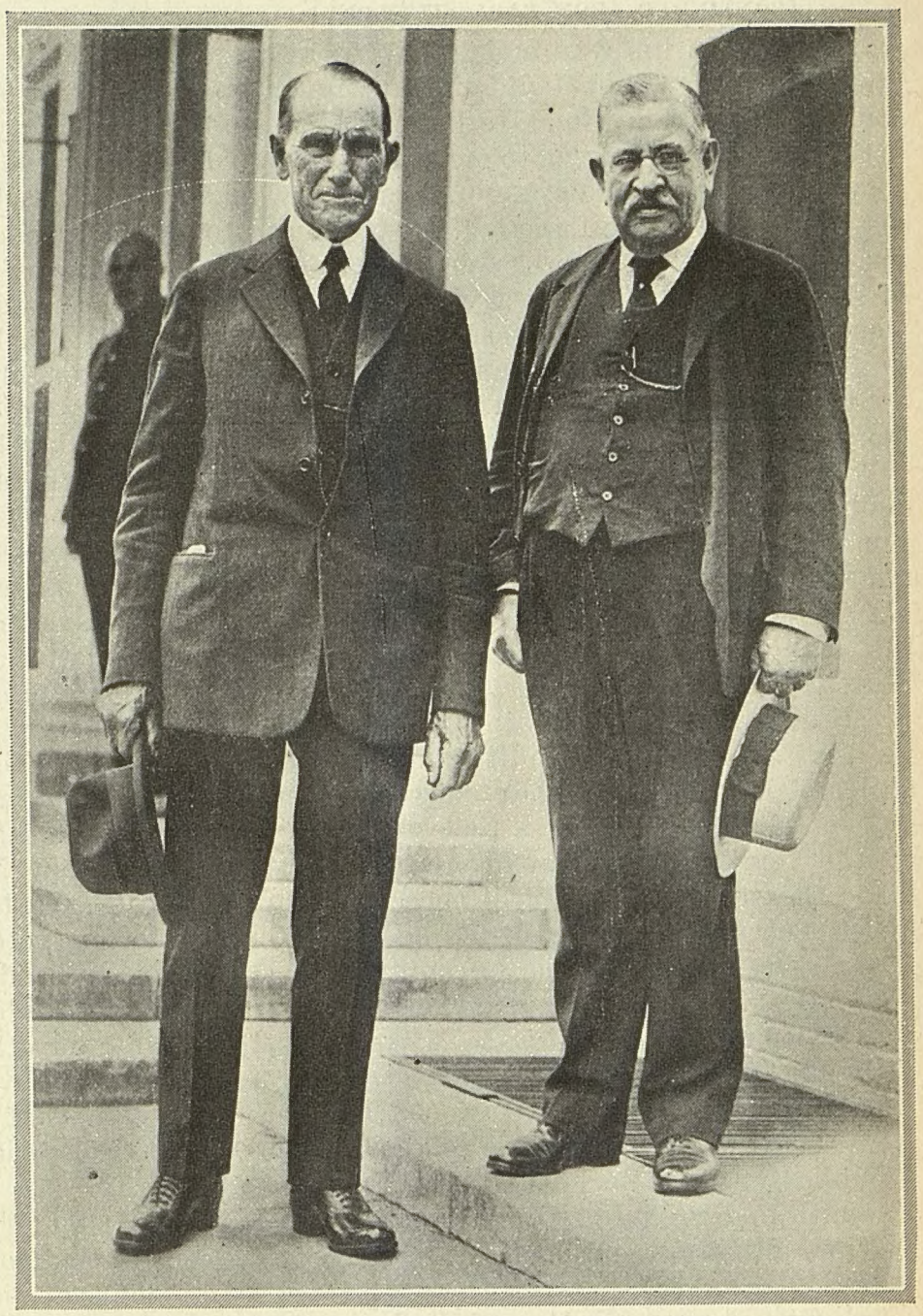
ELISABETH COBB is the daughter of Irvin S. Cobb, one of America's most famous writers. Miss Cobb has inherited some of her father's ability and has written for magazines and was one of the first contributors to Liberty. In this story Miss Cobb has placed the locale of her plot in Florida with which she is familiar, for it was there that she spent her honeymoon early this year after her marriage to Frank Michler Chapman Jr.

Believed in COOLIDGE

---PICKED Him for PRESIDENT

The Story of Frank Stearns, Who Worked for Ten Years to Place Calvin Coolidge in the White House, and Who Now Is the Chief Executive's Confidential Agent

By M. E. HENNESSY



John Coolidge, father of the President (left), and Frank W. Stearns.

YOU MAY search the pages of American history if you will and it is doubtful if you can find another case of greater personal devotion to a President of the United States than that of Frank Waterman Stearns to Calvin Coolidge.

The two men are totally different in temperament and habits. Stearns is garrulous compared with the taciturn Coolidge. The former believes that the present occupant of the White House is one of the great men of modern times, but Calvin Coolidge has never given the public his estimation of his friend, Frank Stearns.

Mr. Stearns has been a valuable aid to Mr. Coolidge at Washington. That the President appreciates his loyalty and disinterested services there is no doubt. Mr. Stearns has good than offsets the advantage of a long political training.

"How come this singularly strange friendship?" is a question that has been asked many times since the public became aware of the close relationship between the President and this modest, retiring Boston business man, who wants neither power, office, nor glory for himself.

"How did it happen that of all men Mr. Coolidge selected Frank Stearns as his confidant, setting aside for him and Mrs. Stearns a room at the White House, making them a part of his household?"

The answers to these questions are easy enough to one who has watched this friendship from its inception a dozen years ago.

naturedly referred to himself as "errand boy to the President."

"I do whatever I am told to do," said he when asked what his duties were at the White House.

But, of course, he is much more than that. In many things he is the President's eyes and ears. If Mr. Coolidge wants to find out something about men or measures, Stearns is the most likely man to be assigned to the job.

Although Frank Stearns holds no official position, he is as much a part of the Republican National Committee as the President's other close friend, William Morgan Butler of Massachusetts, chairman of the committee and campaign manager for the President. There again Mr.. Stearns says he is only an office boy for Butler. His real job is liaison officer between the outside world and the White House. His only reward is the satisfaction of seeing in the White House the man he started out to make President a dozen years ago. His cup of happiness will not be filled to the brim, he says, until he sees him elected President next month.

If that occurs, Frank W. Stearns' mission in politics will be accomplished and he will return to his counting room convinced that neither republics nor Republicans are ungrateful, and that the selling power of a merchant more

IN order to understand the relationship of these two men one must go back a few years, when Calvin Coolidge was a member of the Massachusetts Senate. Mr. Stearns, one of the trustees of Amherst College, also Coolidge's alma mater, was a member of a committee to get an act through the legislature which would enable that institution to improve its antiquated sanitary system. It was late in the session. The time had expired for the introduction of new legislative business. Before the matter could come up in the Senate the committee on rules would have to act favorably on the petition.

Calvin Coolidge, the member from the Berkshire-Hampshire-Hampden district, was chairman of the committee on rules. Mr. Stearns and his committee associates interviewed several members of the Senate regarding the matter and were told that it would be necessary to get the consent of Senator Coolidge.

"That ought to be easy," said Mr. Stearns to his associates, "he is a graduate of Amherst."

They hunted up Senator Coolidge at the statehouse and told him their story. Coolidge listened. When Mr. Stearns had finished Coolidge said dryly:

"Sorry, gentlemen. Can't be done this year. Time for receiving new business has expired. Come up next year and I'll help you put through the bill."

"I tried to argue with him," Mr. Stearns tells the story. "I appealed to him as an alumnus of Amherst, but I could not budge him. We pointed out that we could not be expected to know the rules of the Legislature, not being politicians. To this Coolidge curtly replied, lawyer fashion, 'Ignorance of the law excuses no one.' He left us abruptly in the corridor of the capitol.

"I was as mad as a hatter and I'd be ashamed to tell you now what I said then about Calvin Coolidge; but the next day, when I thought over the situation, I said to myself, "I don't know but what Senator Coolidge was right. There is no reason why Amherst College should be treated any different than any other petitioner by the Great and General Court.' And so we gave up for the time being our efforts at that session of the Legislature to pass the special law we desired.

"At the assembling of the Legislature the following January we took the matter up again with Senator Coolidge, who assured us that he would be only too glad to help us. He took personal charge of the bill, followed it through every stage in both branches, and didn't stop until he saw the Governor sign it.

"I WAS impressed by Mr. Coolidge's attitude, and it occurred to me that if a few Amherst men got behind him and drew public attention to his political record we might be able to advance him politically, thereby encouraging other graduates of the college possessing an aptitude for public affairs.

"I managed to see considerable of him, put-

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

ting myself in his way and trying to interest him in my idea, but I did not get much encouragement from him. He listened, but said little. He was an enigma to me at first. I found him a hard man to understand. Just as I would get to a point where I thought I would have to abandon my idea because of his apparent lack of interest in what I was saying and doing he would say something or do something striking in the Legislature which made him stand out as a unique figure in our State politics and my flagging spirit would revive.

"But it was not until he was elected President of the State Senate in 1914 and made his remarkable inaugural speech, stamping him as a master of English, that I really felt that Calvin Coolidge was a statesman and had in him the makings of a President of the United States.

"His course in the Senate further convinced me that a man of his ability and talents was destined to fill still higher offices within the gift of the people. He was reëlected President of the Senate the following year, when he made the shortest inaugural speech of any of his predecessors on record. I like to quote it. It's a gem. Every line is an epigram:

> "'Honorable Senators: My sincerest thanks I offer you. Conserve the firm foundations of our institutions. Do your work with the spirit of a soldier in the public service. Be loyal to the Commonwealth and to yourselves. And be brief—above all things, be brief.'

"A few of us graduates of Amherst, interested in the college and the advancement of its graduates in public life, organized and laid plans to make him Lieutenant Governor."

Mr. Coolidge got the nomination for second place on the State ticket and was elected Lieutenant Governor by a big margin.

As long ago as 1916 Mr. Stearns went to the Republican Convention at Chicago and announced that his choice for President was Calvin Coolidge. Seasoned politicians laughed at him, but Stearns faced the ridicule and insisted that ere long Calvin Coolidge would occupy the White House. From then on he devoted more time to booming Calvin Coolidge for public office than he did to his business. The only ax he had to grind was one that would hew a path for Coolidge from Beacon Hill, Boston, to Sixteenth Street, Washington, District of Columbia. To that task he dedicated his energy and his organizing ability, and dipped deep down into his ample purse.

MR. STEARNS gave dinners, inviting newspaper men and politicians to break bread with him and his political find. Some of the politicians jeeringly declined his hospitality. They could see no pleasure in sitting for an hour or two in silence at the same table with Frank Stearns and "Cal" Coolidge, they said. Practical politicians could not understand why this successful business man was spending so much time with Coolidge, but they did not know that he wanted no office for himself. Nor did he want to play the rôle of a Mark Hanna or a Colonel House.

When Coolidge became Governor of Massachusetts he suggested over the luncheon table one day that Mr. Stearns resign two honorary positions to which his predecessor, Governor McCall, had appointed him. Stearns promptly gave up both places.

Hurrying along over Mr. Stearns' activities in behalf of Coolidge until the Boston police strike, which projected Governor Coolidge into the national political arena as an available candidate for President, Mr. Stearns was quick to see the importance of this event as a publicity maker. More than sixty thousand people took the pains to write to the Governor of Massachusetts commending him for his attitude in the strike. He was eulogized editorially by papers in every section of the country.

Then appeared a little volume, "Have Faith in Massachusetts," a collection of the writings and speeches of Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Stearns, who is credited with its publication, made sure that this book got a wide circulation. Before long there was another avalanche of letters praising Governor Coolidge's stand on public questions as set forth in this volume. Mr. Stearns felt that his candidate for President had arrived nationally, as, indeed, he had.

Just as Mr. Stearns and those associated with him in the presidential boom for Coolidge got going in good shape the Governor put a bomb under them, withdrawing from the contest, saying that the office of President was not one that should be hawked about the country; but Mr. Stearns didn't cease his activities. Instead, he redoubled his efforts, tried to win votes for his candidate, but at Chicago he realized that the Senate oligarchy could not be dissuaded from supporting one of their own and reluctantly gave up the fight, only to be startled by the agreeable news from the Coliseum that Coolidge had been nominated for Vice President.

MOST of our Vice Presidents have been content to serve one term and fade out of the political picture, but Mr. Stearns held fast to the belief that some day Calvin Coolidge would be President. Of course, he did not dream that Coolidge would enter the White House through the death of President Harding. The day before Warren G. Harding died, Vice President Coolidge, who was spending his customary vacation at the ancestral home at Plymouth, Vermont, was planning to leave his old home and motor to Mr. Stearns' summer place on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay, but fate decreed otherwise. A few hours later, just before dawn, the twenty-ninth President of the United States was sworn in by Colonel John C. Coolidge, his father, and started for Washington.

What his loyal friend, Mr. Stearns, wouldn't have given for the privilege of seeing his political idol take the oath of office as President in that little farmhouse no one knows. It was a great disappointment to him not to have been privileged to be present at this strange and memorable inauguration scene, but he intercepted in New York the new President on his way to Washington.

In the year that has elapsed since Calvin Coolidge became President Mr. and Mrs. Stearns have spent most of their time at the White House.

Mrs. Coolidge relies on Mrs. Stearns as she would her mother.

Mr. Stearns is the head of one of Boston's oldest department stores, founded by his father. He is regarded by his business associates as a shrewd Yankee trader, but in politics he acknowledges that he is a novice. He has never asked Mr. Coolidge for any favors for himself or his friends. Indeed, more than once he has refused to even indorse a candidate for an appointive office under the President. He adopted this rule while Mr. Coolidge was Governor of Massachusetts, so that his critics could not say that he was in politics to reward his friends and to build up a personal machine.

Once, when an insistent office seeker went to him and urged his claims, Mr. Stearns declared that the public had an erroneous idea of his influence with Mr. Coolidge.

"I really believe," said he to this man, "that my indorsement would be the worst thing that could happen to you, for I am sure that Mr. Coolidge would at once dismiss you from his mind if he were thinking of appointing you. Mr. Coolidge does not pay his political debts that way."

To another candidate for office Mr. Stearns said the President never discusses patronage with him.

"I know less about those matters than any man close to Mr. Coolidge," said he, easing his caller out of his office. "If I should ask Mr. Coolidge regarding his choice for filling a vacancy the chances are that he would not hear me or would politely inform me that it was none of my business."

MR. STEARNS never made a public speech. Furthermore, he vows that he never will. No man enjoys a political banquet more than this Boston merchant, but when he accepts an invitation to a public dinner it is with the proviso that he will not be asked to speak.

Mr. Stearns shows what he eats. He is short and puffy and a great smoker. Some of his acquaintances have criticized him for walking about the Executive Offices at the White House with his hat on the back of his head and a lighted cigar in his mouth, but, like his chief, he is nothing if not democratic. He is a man of tremendous energy. He never spares himself in the service of the President. He is never happy when he is not near the President. Calvin Coolidge is an obsession with him.

In 1916, when Charles Evans Hughes was nominated for President by the Republican party, Mr. Stearns hopped out to Chicago and attended as a spectator his first national political convention. He dropped in to see Senator Murray Crane, one of the leading Hughes supporters. When Mr. Stearns bade Senator Crane good-by the latter, chuckling, turned to another visitor from Massachusetts, remarking, "That's Frank Stearns of Boston."

"Yes," said the other man, "I know him very well."

"Who do you suppose his candidate for President is?" asked Crane.

"Hughes, I imagine," replied the visitor.

"Your imagination is very poor," said Crane. "It's Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts."

It would seem as if Mr. Stearns could consistently claim to be the original Coolidge-for-President man, as it was not until four years later that the country regarded Coolidge as an available candidate for Chief Executive of the nation.

One day, not long ago, a Boston friend of Mr. Stearns met him on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington.

"Hello, Frank," said he. "When did you get in?"

"Night 'fore last," said Mr. Stearns.

"President know you're here?" inquired Stearns' Boston friend.

"Well, I dunno," replied Mr. Stearns, puffing vigorously at his cigar. "I lunched with him and he suggested that we go out on the portico and smoke our cigars. Just as we got comfortably seated the President got up and left me without a word. That was more than three hours ago, and I haven't seen him since."

But Mr. Stearns understands Calvin Coolidge better than any other friend and doesn't mind the President's idiosyncrasies. He knows that there is always a bed for him at the White House and a place for him at the President's table.

THE END

You Can Choose One of 3 WAYS

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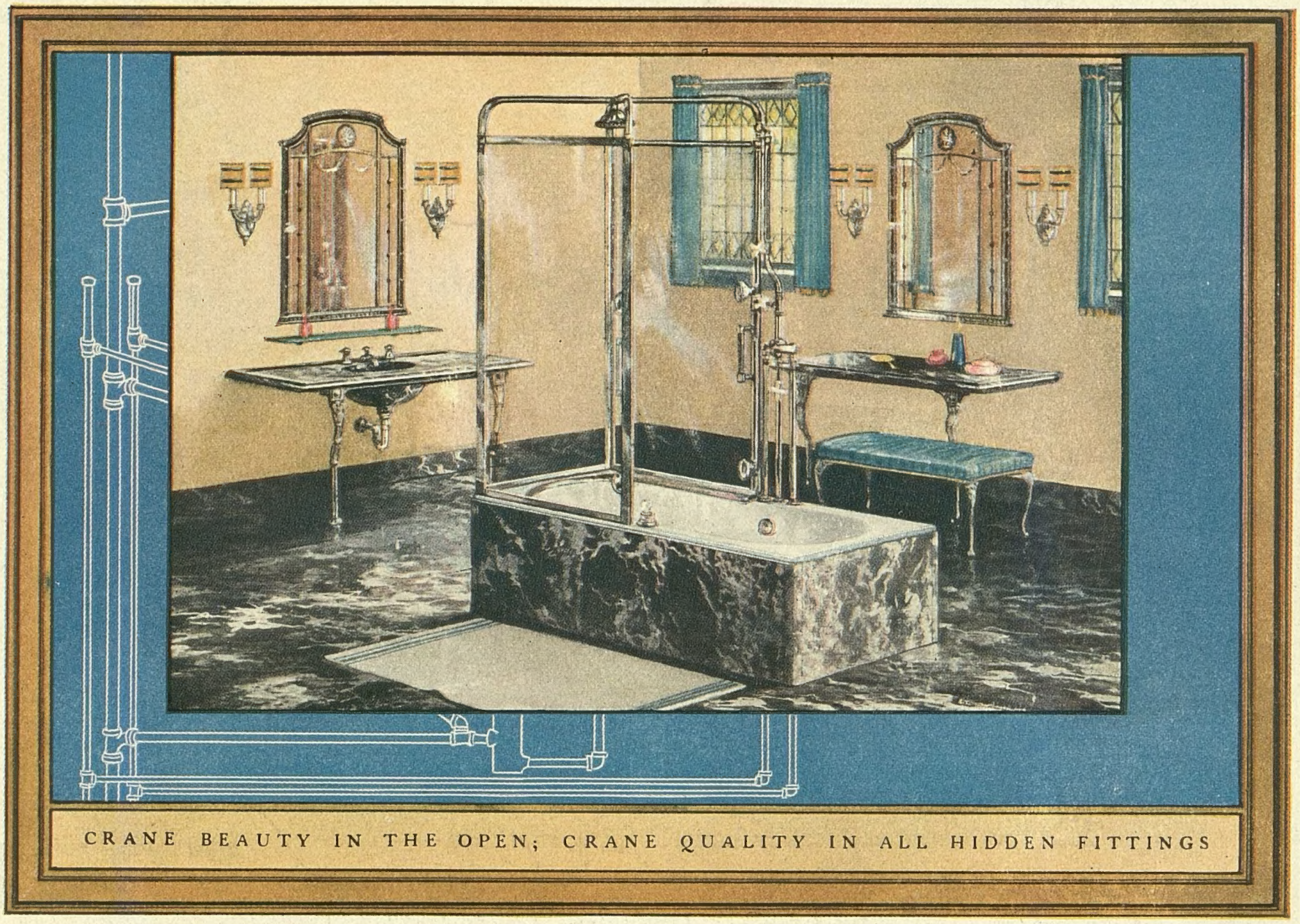

CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

The most interesting setting a bath can be given is in the open, away from walls and corners. And now the new Crane *Crystal* shower provides the final luxury of a curtainless, splash-proof shower adapted to use in any setting in combination with the *Tarnia* bath.

Inclosed on three sides in plate glass, framed in standards of nickeled brass, water is led to the overhead needle shower and four horizontal sprays through two of the vertical supports. The hot-and-cold mixing faucet supplies tempered water to the shower, sprays and tub. Large hand grips on main supports at both sides. All valves within easy reach.

The *Tarnia* bath shown is encased in black and white marble, matching the *Neumar* lavatory and dressing table. Tiles of any color or pattern can also be used for the setting.

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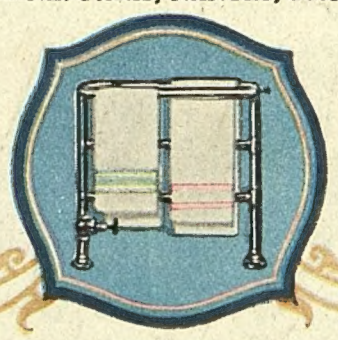

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